

AINSWORTH'S MAGAZINE.

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Just Published, in 3 vols. post 8vo,

SAINT JAMES'S:

OR

THE COURT OF QUEEN ANNE.

An Historical Romance.

BY W. HARRISON AINSWORTH, ESQ.

WITH ILLUSTRATIONS ON STEEL,

BY GEORGE CRUIKSHANK.

"No age has had its manners, events, and personages so lucidly and strikingly described as that of the last of the Stuarts who reigned over Great Britain; no period was so inundated with pamphlets, and all the weapons of party warfare, or afforded more salient points for the historian and biographer to seize and improve. By these materials, the historical novelist is enabled to approach his subject with great advantage; and, making due allowance for faction and malevolence, to produce a more piquant and engaging narrative from real facts and characters, than if he drew solely on his own invention. 'Fact is stranger than fiction,' is a well-known adage; and Mr. Ainsworth's literary experience has proved this. The wonders of his inimitable "Crichton" are the more vivid on account of their reality; and he has made the most of what annals, memoirs, and history contain. From the stores of all that is picturesque and exciting in the veritable details of past ages, he has culled, from the rich treasury his research has opened to him, the most delightful and animated portraiture, which his fertile fancy and creative imagination have invested with still more glowing colours than they bore in life, and with a halo of romance and adventures adapted to their career, naturally resulting from their character, and which we read with approbation, as in no respect abhorrent from the genius of the individual, or the spirit of the time.

"We could wish we had time or space to institute a detailed comparison between Mr. Ainsworth and Mr. Dickens; but this we cannot do here. Their characteristics are as eminent as they are peculiar; one is the interpreter of human nature as seen in our own age and in our own scenes; the former is the illustrator of the same human nature as we read of it in the storied page of bygone days, and with all the nice points of character and incident which contemporary observers have only indicated or glanced at. Mr. Ainsworth fills up the canvas of which they traced the outline; and unites, in harmonious and perfect whole, the lights and shades of the picture, making everything congruous and life-like, the effect being like that of something of which we had an indistinct remembrance, and which only required a hint to bring it back to the mind in full identity and individuality.

"The work at the head of this notice is an instance in point; we all know the main particulars of the contest between the Whigs and Tories for supremacy in Court and Parliament, in the time of Queen Anne; of the intrigues of Harley and Saint-John against Marlborough and Godolphin; and of the female rivalry between the Duchess of Marlborough (the Sarah Jennings of the most accomplished of memoir

writers, and the "Great Atossa" of Pope) and Abigail Hill, afterwards Lady Masham, the superserviceable bed-chamber woman of the obstinate, weak, bigoted, and drunken Queen Anne. The details of this intrigue Mr. Ainsworth has gracefully devised, and beautifully dove-tailed with the fabric of true history; and, in the splendid woof of his imagination, each accessory appears directly connected with, and consequent on, the true event; while his persons occupy the exact position prescribed by history.

"We look upon this as the most artistic of his efforts; and the manner in which he has evolved his personages, and carried everything on consequently to the historical result, is the more praiseworthy on account of its difficulty, from the imagination of the writer being restrained by the knowledge that he was treading on ground familiar to us all, and that his sphere, in this respect, was a circumscribed and strictly defined one.

"SAINT JAMES'S' is a perfect picture gallery; and if our limits allowed, we should like to take some of the characters out of their frames, and places them bodily before our readers. The Queen—her husband (poor *est il possible?*)—Marlborough, the great and good—Godolphin, the stern and honest—Harley, the cunning, the indolent, the spiteful, and the vain—Bolingbroke, the all-accomplished philosopher, rake, man of the world, gallant, scholar, and the most eloquent debater of his day—Sacheverell, the meanest tool that was ever instrument of a great event—Guiscard, the bold and reckless adventurer, true Frenchman of that epoch, a little for his grand monarch, and all for himself—the wonderful Duchess, 'scarce once herself, by turns all womankind'—and Abigail Hill, who made a lord of her husband, and got her brother preferred to superintend the demolition of Dunkirk fortifications,—not to speak of the subordinate characters, in situation we mean, but not in interest—truly, the book is an exquisite example of ornamental history, bearing the same relation to the actual flow of events as Fielding's *chef d'œuvre* does to the course of human life, its accidents, persons, foibles, virtues, and results. We cannot express our satisfaction more forcibly.

"The work is in three volumes, each of which is amply embellished with illustrations by George Cruikshank, which give an excellent idea of the manners and costume of the time in high and low places, and are valuable as specimens of skill, as well as elucidatory of character and incident. A recommendation of this work should not be lost sight of: it is printed in a fine, large, clear, bold, and legible type, such as those exquisite novels of De Balzac appeared in, when first published under the pseudonyme of Henri St. Aubin, in Paris."—*Edinburgh Weekly Register*. 307

JOHN MORTIMER, ADELAIDE STREET, TRAFALGAR SQUARE.

REVELATIONS OF LONDON.

BY THE EDITOR.

BOOK THE FIRST.

III.

THE HAND AND THE CLOAK.

A FURIOUS barking from Mr. Ginger's dogs, shortly after the departure of the drowsy youth, announced the approach of a grotesque-looking little personage, whose shoulders barely reached to a level with the top of the table. This was Old Parr. The dwarf's head was much too large for his body, as is mostly the case with undersized persons, and was covered with a forest of rusty black hair, protected by a strangely-shaped seal-skin cap. His hands and feet were equally disproportioned to his frame, and his arms were so long that he could touch his ancles while standing upright. His spine was crooked, and his head appeared buried in his breast. The general character of his face seemed to appertain to the middle period of life; but a closer inspection enabled the beholder to detect in it marks of extreme old age. The nose was broad and flat, like that of an orang-outang; the resemblance to which animal was heightened by a very long upper lip, projecting jaws, almost total absence of chin, and a retreating forehead. The little old man's complexion was dull and swarthy, but his eyes were keen and sparkling.

His attire was as singular as his person. Having recently served as double to a famous demon-dwarf at the Surrey theatre, he had become possessed of a cast-off pair of tawny tights, an elastic shirt of the same material and complexion, to the arms of which little green bat-like wings were attached, while a blood-red tunic with vandyke points was girded round his waist. In this strange apparel his diminutive limbs were encased, while additional warmth was afforded by the great coat already mentioned, the tails of which swept the floor after him like a train.

Having silenced his dogs with some difficulty, Mr. Ginger burst into a roar of laughter, excited by the little old man's grotesque appearance, in which he was joined by the Tinker; but the Sandman never relaxed a muscle of his sullen countenance.

Their hilarity, however, was suddenly checked by an inquiry from the dwarf, in a shrill, odd tone—"Whether they had sent for him only to laugh at him?"

"Sartainly not, deputy," replied the Tinker. "Here, lazy-bones, glasses o' rum-an'-vater, all round."

The drowsy youth bestirred himself to execute the command. The spirit was brought; water was procured from the boiling copper; and the Tinker handed his guest a smoking rummer, accompanied with a polite request to make himself comfortable.

Opposite the table at which the party were seated, it has been said, was a stiarcase—old and crazy, and but imperfectly protected by a broken hand-rail. Midway up it, stood a door, equally dilapidated, but secured by a chain and lock, of which Old Parr, as deputy-chamberlain, kept the key. Beyond this point, the staircase branched off on the right, and a row of stout wooden banisters, ranged like the feet of so many cattle, were visible from beneath. Ultimately, the staircase reached a small gallery, if such a name can be applied to a narrow passage, communicating with the bedrooms, the doors of which, as a matter of needful precaution, were locked outside; and as the windows were grated, no one could leave his chamber without the knowledge of the landlord, or his representative. No lights were allowed in the bedrooms, nor in the passage adjoining them.

Conciliated by the Tinker's offering, Old Parr mounted the staircase, and planting himself near the door, took off his great coat, and sat down upon it. His impish garb being thus more fully displayed, he looked so unearthly and extraordinary that the dogs began to howl fearfully, and Ginger had enough to do to quiet them.

Silence being at length restored, the Tinker, winking sily at his companions, opened the conversation.

"I say, deputy," he observed, "ve've bin a-havin' a bit o' a dispute vich you can settle for us."

"Well, let's see," squeaked the dwarf. "What is it?"

"Vy, it's relative to your age," rejoined the Tinker. "Ven wos you born?"

"It's so long ago, I can't recollect," returned Old Parr, rather sulkily.

"You must ha' seen some changes in your time?" resumed the Tinker, waiting till the little old man had made some progress with his grog.

"I rayther think I have—a few," replied Old Parr, whose tongue the generous liquid had loosened. "I've seen this great city of London pulled down, and built up again—if that's anything. I've seen it grow, and grow, till it has reached its present size. You'll scarcely believe me, when I tell you, that I recollect this Rookery of ours—this foul vagabond neighbourhood—an open country field, with hedges round it, and trees. And a lovely spot it was! Broad Saint-Giles's, at the time I speak of, was a little country village, consisting of a few straggling houses, standing by the road-side, and there wasn't a single habitation between it and Convent Garden, (for so the present market was once called;) while that garden, which was

fenced round with pales, like a park, extended from Saint Martin's Lane to Drury House, a great mansion situated on the easterly side of Drury Lane, amid a grove of beautiful timber."

"My eyes!" cried Ginger, with a prolonged whistle; "the place must be preciously transmogrified indeed!"

"If I were to describe the changes that have taken place in London since I've known it, I might go on talking for a month," pursued Old Parr. "The whole aspect of the place is altered. The Thames itself is unlike the Thames of old. Its waters were once as clear and bright above London Bridge as they are now at Kew or Richmond; and its banks from Whitefriars to Scotland Yard, were edged with gardens. And then the thousand gay wherries and gilded barges that covered its bosom—all are gone—all are gone!"

"Those must ha' been nice times for the jolly young vatermen vich at Blackfriars wos used for to ply," chanted the Tinker, "But the steamers has put their noses out o' joint."

"True," replied Old Parr; "and I, for one, am sorry for it. Remembering, as I do, what the river used to be when enlivened by gay craft and merry company, I can't help wishing its waters less muddy, and those ugly coal-barges, lighters, and steamers away. London is a mighty city, wonderful to behold and examine, inexhaustible in its wealth and power; but in point of beauty, it is not to be compared with the city of Queen Bess's days. You should have seen the Strand then—a line of noble-men's houses—and as to Lombard Street and Gracechurch Street, with their wealthy goldsmiths' shops—but I don't like to think of 'em."

"Vell, I'm content vith Lunnun as it is," replied the Tinker, "'specially as there aint much chance o' the ould city bein' rewived."

"Not much," replied the dwarf, finishing his glass, which was replenished at a sign from the Tinker.

"I s'pose, my venerable, you've seen the king as bequeathed his name to these pretty creators," said Ginger, raising his coat-pockets so as to exhibit the heads of the two little black-and-tan spaniels.

"What! old Rowley?" cried the dwarf—"often. I was page to his favourite mistress, the Duchess of Cleveland, and have seen him a hundred times with a pack of dogs of that description at his heels."

"Old Rowley wos a king arter my own 'art," said Ginger, rising and lighting a pipe at the fire. "He loved the femi-nine specious as well as the ca-nine specious. Can you tell us anythin' more about him?"

"Not now," replied Old Parr. "I've seen so much, and heard so much, that my brain is quite addled. My memory sometimes deserts me altogether, and my past life appears like a dream. Imagine what my feelings must be, to walk through

streets, still called by the old names, but in other respects, wholly changed. Oh! if you could but have a glimpse of Old London, you would not be able to endure the modern city. The very atmosphere was different from that which we now breathe, charged with the smoke of myriads of sea-coal fires; and the old picturesque houses had a charm about them, which the present habitations, however commodious, altogether want."

"You talk like one o' them smart chaps they calls, and werry properly, penny-a-liars," observed Ginger. "But you make me long to ha' lived i' those times."

"If you *had* lived in them, you would have belonged to Paris Garden, or the bull-baiting and bear-baiting houses in Southwark," replied Old Parr. "I've seen fellows just like you at each of those places. Strange, though times and fashions change, men continue the same. I often meet a face that I can remember in James the First's time. But the old places are gone—clean gone!"

"Accordin' to your own showin', my wenerable friend, you must ha' lived uppers o' two hundred and seventy year," said Ginger, assuming a consequential manner. "Now, doorin' all that time, have you never felt inclined to kick the bucket?"

"Not the least," replied Old Parr. "My bodily health has been excellent. But, as I've just said, my intellects are a little impaired."

"Not a little, I should think," replied Ginger, hemming significantly. "I don't know vether you're a-deceivin' of us or yourself, my wenerable; but von thing's quite clear—you *can't* have lived all that time. It's not in nater."

"Very well, then—I haven't," said Old Parr.

And he finished his rum-and-water, and set down the glass, which was instantly filled again by the drowsy youth.

"You've seen some picters o' Old Lunnun, and they've haanted you in your dreams, till you've begun to fancy you lived in those times," said Ginger.

"Very likely," replied Old Parr—"very likely."

There was something, however, in his manner calculated to pique the dog-fancier's curiosity.

"How comes it," he said, stretching out his legs, and arranging his neckcloth,—“how comes it, if you've lived so long, that you aint higher up in the stirrups—better off, as folks say?"

The dwarf made no reply, but covering his face with his hands, seemed a prey to deep emotion. After a few moments' pause, Ginger repeated the question.

"If you wont believe what I tell you, it's useless to give an answer," said Old Parr, somewhat gruffly.

"Oh, yes, *I* believe you, deputy," observed the Tinker; "and so does the Sandman."

"Well, then," replied the dwarf. "I'll tell you how it comes to pass. Fate has been against me. I've had plenty of chances,

but I never could get on. I've been in a hundred different walks of life, but they always led down hill. It's my destiny."

"That's hard," rejoined the Tinker—"werry hard. But how d'ye account for livin' so long?" he added, winking as he spoke to the others.

"I've already given you an explanation," replied the dwarf.

"Ay, but it's a curious story, and I vonts my friends to hear it," said the Tinker, in a coaxing tone.

"Well then, to oblige you, I'll go through it again," rejoined the dwarf. "You must know I was for some time servant to Doctor Lamb, an old alchemist, who lived during the reign of good Queen Bess, and who used to pass all his time in trying to find out the secret of changing lead and copper into gold."

"I've known several individuals as has found out that secret, venerable," observed Ginger. "And ve calls 'em smashers, now-a-days—not halchemists."

"Doctor Lamb's object was actually to turn base metal into gold," rejoined Old Parr, in a tone of slight contempt. "But his chief aim was to produce the Elixir of Long Life. Night and day he worked at the operation;—night and day I laboured with him, until at last we were both brought to the verge of the grave in our search after immortality. One night—I remember it well,—it was the last night of the sixteenth century,—a young man, severely wounded, was brought to my master's dwelling on London Bridge. I helped to convey him to the laboratory, where I left him with the doctor, who was busy with his experiments. My curiosity being aroused, I listened at the door, and though I could not distinguish much that passed inside, I heard sufficient to convince me that Doctor Lamb had made the grand discovery, and succeeded in distilling the Elixir. Having learnt this, I went down stairs, wondering what would next ensue. Half-an-hour elapsed, and while the bells were ringing in the new year joyfully, the young man whom I had assisted to carry up stairs, and whom I supposed at death's door, marched down as firmly as if nothing had happened, passed by me, and disappeared, before I could shake off my astonishment. I saw at once he had drunk the elixir."

"Ah!—ah!" exclaimed the Tinker, with a knowing glance at his companions, who returned it with gestures of equal significance.

"As soon as he was gone," pursued the dwarf, "I flew to the laboratory, and there, extended on the floor, I found the dead body of Doctor Lamb. I debated with myself what to do—whether to pursue his murderer, for such I accounted the young man; but on reflection, I thought the course useless. I next looked round to see whether the precious Elixir was gone. On the table stood a phial, from which a strong spirituous odour exhaled; but it was empty. I then turned my attention to a receiver, connected by a worm with an alembic on the furnace.

On examining it, I found it contained a small quantity of a bright transparent liquid, which, poured forth into a glass, emitted precisely the same odour as the phial. Persuaded this must be the draught of immortality, I raised it to my lips: but apprehension lest it might be poison, stayed my hand. Reassured, however, by the thought of the young man's miraculous recovery, I quaffed the potion. It was as if I had swallowed fire, and at first I thought all was over with me. I shrieked out; but there was no one to heed my cries, unless it were my dead master, and two or three skeletons with which the walls were garnished. And these, in truth, did seem to hear me; for the dead corpse opened its glassy orbs, and eyed me reproachfully; the skeletons shook their fleshless arms and gibbered; and the various strange objects with which the chamber was filled, seemed to deride and menace me. The terror occasioned by these fantasies, combined with the potency of the draught, took away my senses. When I recovered, I found all tranquil. Doctor Lamb was lying stark and stiff at my feet, with an expression of reproach on his fixed countenance; and the skeletons were hanging quietly in their places. Convinced that I was proof against death, I went forth. *But a curse went with me!* From that day to this, I have lived, but it has been in such poverty and distress, that I had better far have died. Besides, I am constantly haunted by visions of my old master. He seems to hold converse with me—to lead me into strange places."

"Exactly the case with the t'other," whispered the Tinker to the Sandman. "Have you ever, in the coorse o' your long life, met the young man as drank the 'lixir?" he inquired of the dwarf.

"Never."

"Do you happen to rekilect his name?"

"No, it has quite escaped my memory," answered Old Parr.

"Should you rekilect it, if you heerd it?" asked the Tinker.

"Perhaps I might," returned the dwarf; "but I can't say."

"Wos it Auriol Darcy?" demanded the other.

"That *was* the name," cried Old Parr, starting up, in extreme surprise. "I heard Doctor Lamb call him so. But how, in the name of wonder, do you come to know it?"

"Ve've got summat, at last," said the Tinker, with a self-applauding glance at his friends.

"How do you come to know it, I say?" repeated the dwarf, in extreme agitation.

"Never mind," rejoined the Tinker, with a cunning look; "you see I does know some cur'ous matters as vell as you, my old file. You'll be good evidence, in case ve vishes to prove the fact agin him."

"Prove what?—and against whom?" cried the dwarf.

"One more questin, and I've done," pursued the Tinker.

"Should you know this young man agin, in case you chanced to come across him?"

"No doubt of it," replied Old Parr; "his figure often flits before me in dreams."

"Shall ve let him into it?" said the Tinker, consulting his companions, in a low tone.

"Ay—ay," replied the Sandman.

"Better wait a bit," remarked Ginger, shaking his head, dubiously. "There's no hurry."

"No, ve must decide at vonce," said the Tinker. "Jist examine them papers," he added, handing the pocket-book to Old Parr, "and favour us vith your opinion on 'em."

The dwarf was about to unclasp the book committed to his charge, when a hand was suddenly thrust through the banisters of the upper part of the staircase, which, as has been already stated, was divided from the lower by the door. A piece of heavy black drapery next descended like a cloud, concealing all behind it, except the hand, with which the dwarf was suddenly seized by the nape of the neck, lifted up in the air, and, notwithstanding his shrieks and struggles, carried clean off.

Great confusion attended his disappearance. The dogs set up a prodigious barking, and flew to the rescue—one of the largest of them passing over the body of the drowsy waiter, who had sought his customary couch upon the coals, and rousing him from his slumbers; while the Tinker, uttering a fierce imprecation, upset his chair in his haste to catch hold of the dwarf's legs, but the latter was already out of reach, and the next moment had vanished entirely.

"My eyes! here's a pretty go!" cried Ginger, who, with his back to the fire, had witnessed the occurrence in open-mouthed astonishment. "Vy, curse it! if the venerable a'n't a-taken the pocket-book with him! It's my opinion the devil has flown away with the old feller. His time was nearer at 'and than he expected."

"Devil or not, I'll have him back again, or at all events the pocket-book!" cried the Tinker. And dashing up the stairs, he caught hold of the railing above, and swinging himself up by a powerful effort, passed through an opening, occasioned by the removal of one of the bannisters.

Groping along the gallery, which was buried in profound darkness, he shouted to the dwarf, but received no answer to his vociferations, neither could he discover any one, though he felt on either side of the passage with outstretched hands. The occupants of the different chambers, alarmed by the noise, called out to know what was going forward; but being locked in their rooms, they could render no assistance.

While the Tinker was thus pursuing his search in the dark, venting his rage and disappointment in the most dreadful imprecations, the staircase door was opened by the landlord, who

had found the key in the great-coat left behind by the dwarf. With the landlord came the Sandman and Ginger, the latter of whom was attended by all his dogs, still barking furiously; while the rear of the party was brought up by the drowsy waiter, now wide awake with fright, and carrying a candle.

But though every nook and corner of the place was visited—though the attics were searched, and all the windows examined—not a trace of the dwarf could be discovered, nor any clue to his mysterious disappearance detected. Astonishment and alarm sat on every countenance.

“What the devil can have become of him?” cried the landlord, with a look of dismay.

“Ay, that’s the questin!” rejoined the Tinker. “I begin to be of Ginger’s opinion, that the devil himself must have flown away vith him. No von else could ha’ taken a fancy to him.”

“I only saw a hand and a black cloak,” said the Sandman.

“I thought I seed a pair o’ hoofs,” cried the waiter; “and I’m quite sure I seed a pair o’ great glitterin’ eyes,” he added, opening his own lack-lustre orbs to their widest extent.

“It’s a strange affair,” observed the landlord, gravely. “It’s certain that no one has entered the house wearing a cloak such as you describe; nor could any of the lodgers to my knowledge, get out of their rooms. It was Old Parr’s business, as you know, to lock ’em up carefully for the night.”

“Vell, all’s over vith him now,” said the Tinker—“and vith our affair, too, I’m afeard.”

“Don’t say die jist yet,” rejoined Ginger. “The wenerable’s gone, to be sure; and the only thing he has left behind him, barrin’ his top coat, is this here bit o’ paper vich dropped out o’ the pocket book as he was a-takin’ flight, and vich I picked from the floor. It may be o’ some use to us. But come, let’s go down stairs. There’s no good in stayin’ here any longer.”

Concurring in which sentiment, they all descended to the lower room.

IV.

THE IRON-MERCHANT'S DAUGHTER.

A WEEK had elapsed since Auriol Darcy was conveyed to the iron-merchant's dwelling, after the attack made upon him by the ruffians in the ruined house; and though almost recovered from the serious injuries he had received, he still remained the guest of his preserver.

It was a bright spring morning, when a door leading to the yard in front of the house opened, and a young girl, bright and fresh as the morning's self, issued from it.

A lovelier creature than Ebba Thornicroft cannot be imagined. Her figure was perfection—slight, tall, and ravishingly proportioned, with a slender waist, little limbs, and fairy feet that would have made the fortune of an opera-dancer. Her features were almost angelic in expression with an outline of the utmost delicacy and precision—not cold, classical regularity—but that softer and incomparably more lovely mould peculiar to our own clime. Ebba's countenance was a type of Saxon beauty. Her complexion was pure white, tinged with a slight bloom. Her eyes were of a serene summer blue, arched over by brows some shades darker than the radiant tresses that fell on either cheek, and were parted over a brow smoother than alabaster. Her attire was simple, but tasteful, and by its dark colour threw into relief the exceeding fairness of her skin.

Ebba's first care was to feed her favourite linnet, placed in a cage over the door. Having next patted the head of a huge bull-dog who came out of his kennel to greet her, and exchanged a few words with two men employed at a forge in the inner part of the building on the right, she advanced further into the yard.

This part of the premises, being strewn with iron-work of every possible shape, presented a very singular appearance, and may merit some description. There were heaps of rusty iron chains flung together like fishermen's nets, old iron area-guards, iron kitchen-fenders, old grates, safes, piles of old iron bowls, a large assortment of old iron pans and dishes, a ditto of old ovens, kettles without number, sledge-hammers, anvils, braziers, chimney-cowls, and smoke-jacks.

Stout upright posts, supporting cross-beams on the top, were placed at intervals on either side of the yard, and these were decorated, in the most artistic style, with rat-traps, man-traps, iron lanterns, pullies, padlocks, chains, trivets, triangles, iron rods, disused street lamps, dismounted cannon and anchors.

Attached to hooks in the cross-beam nearest the house, hung a row of old horseshoes, while from the centre depended a large rusty bell. Near the dog's kennel was a tool-box, likewise garnished with horse-shoes, and containing pincers, files, hammers, and other implements proper to the smith. Beyond this, was an open doorway, leading to the workshop where the two men before mentioned were busy at the forge.

Though it was still early, the road was astir with passengers, and many wagons and carts, laden with hay, straw, and vegetables, were passing. Ebba, however, had been solely drawn forth by the beauty of the morning, and she stopped for a moment at the street-gate, to breathe the balmy air. As she inhaled the gentle breeze, and felt the warm sunshine upon her cheek, her thoughts wandered away into the green meadows in which she had strayed as a child, and she longed to ramble amid them again. Perhaps she scarcely desired a solitary stroll; but however this might be, she was too much engrossed by the reverie to notice a tall man, wrapped in a long black cloak, who regarded her with the most fixed attention, as he passed on the opposite side of the road.

Proceeding to a short distance, this personage crossed over, and returned slowly towards the iron-merchant's dwelling. Ebba then, for the first time, remarked him, and was startled by his strange, sinister appearance. His features were handsome, but so malignant and fierce in expression, that they inspired only aversion. A sardonic grin curled his thin lips, and his short, crisply-curled hair, raven black in hue, contrasted forcibly and disagreeably with his cadaverous complexion. An attraction like that of the snake seemed to reside in his dark blazing eyes, for Ebba trembled like a bird beneath their influence, and could not remove her gaze from them. A vague presentiment of coming ill smote her, and she dreaded lest the mysterious being before her might be connected in some inexplicable way with her future destiny.

On his part, the stranger was not insensible to the impression he had produced, and suddenly halting, he kept his eyes riveted on those of the girl, who, after remaining spell-bound, as it were, for a few moments, precipitately retreated towards the house.

Just as she reached the door, and was about to pass through it, Auriol came forth. He was pale, as if from recent suffering, and bore his left arm in a sling.

"You look agitated," he said, noticing Ebba's uneasiness. "What has happened?"

"Not much," she replied, a deep blush mantling her cheeks. "But I have been somewhat alarmed by the person near the gate."

"Indeed," cried Auriol, darting forward. "Where is he? I see no one."

"Not a tall man, wrapped in a long black cloak?" rejoined Ebba, following him cautiously.



The Iron-merchant's Daughter.

"Ha!" cried Auriol. "Has he been here?"

"Then you know the person I allude to?" she rejoined.

"I know some one answering his description," he replied, with a forced smile.

"Once beheld, the man I mean is not to be forgotten," said Ebba. "He has a countenance such as I never saw before. If I could believe in the 'evil eye,' I should be sure he possessed it."

"'Tis he, there can be no doubt," rejoined Auriol, in a sombre tone.

"Who and what is he then?" demanded Ebba.

"He is a messenger of ill," replied Auriol, "and I am thankful he is gone."

"Are you quite sure of it?" she asked, glancing timorously up and down the road; but the mysterious individual could no longer be seen.

"And so, after exciting my curiosity in this manner, you will not satisfy it?" she said.

"I cannot," rejoined Auriol, somewhat sternly.

"Nay, then, since you are so ungracious, I shall go and prepare breakfast," she replied. "My father must be down by this time."

"Stay!" cried Auriol, arresting her, as she was about to pass through the door. "I wish to have a word with you."

Ebba stopped, and the bloom suddenly forsook her cheeks.

But Auriol seemed unable to proceed. Neither dared to regard the other; and a profound silence prevailed between them for a few moments.

"Ebba," said Auriol, at length. "I am about to leave your father's house to-day."

"Why so soon?" she exclaimed, looking up into his face. "You are not entirely recovered yet."

"I dare not stay longer," he said.

"Dare not!" cried Ebba. And she again cast down her eyes; but Auriol made no reply.

Fortunately, the silence was broken by the clinking of the smiths' hammers upon the anvil.

"If you really must go," said Ebba, looking up, after a long pause, "I hope we shall see you again?"

"Most assuredly," replied Auriol. "I owe your worthy father a deep debt of gratitude—a debt which, I fear, I shall never be able to repay."

"My father is more than repaid in saving your life," she replied. "I am sure he will be sorry to learn you are going so soon."

"I have been here a week," said Auriol. "If I remained longer, I might not be able to go at all."

There was another pause, during which a stout old fellow in the workshop quitted the anvil for a moment, and catching a glimpse of the young couple, muttered to his helpmate—

"I say, Ned, I'm a-thinkin' our master'll soon have a son-in-law. There's pretty plain signs on it at yonder door."

"So there be, John," replied Ned, peeping round. "He's a good-lookin' young feller that. I vish ve could hear their discourse."

"No, that aint fair," replied John, raking some small coal upon the fire, and working away at the bellows.

"I would not for the world ask a disagreeable question," said Ebba, again raising her eyes; "but since you are about to quit us, I must confess I should like to know something of your history?"

"Forgive me, if I decline to comply with your desire," replied Auriol. "You would not believe me, were I to relate my history. But this I may say, that it is stranger and wilder than any you ever heard. The prisoner in his cell is not restrained by more terrible fetters than those which bind me to silence."

Ebba gazed at him as if she feared his reason were wandering.

"You think me mad," said Auriol; "would I were so!—But I shall never lose the clear perception of my woes. Hear me, Ebba! Fate has brought me into this house. I have seen you, and experienced your gentle ministry; and it is impossible, so circumstanced, to be blind to your attractions. I have only been too sensible to them—but I will not dwell on that theme, nor run the risk of exciting a passion which must destroy you. I will ask you to hate me—to regard me as a monster whom you ought to shun rather than as a being for whom you should entertain the slightest sympathy."

"You have some motive in saying this to me," cried the terrified girl.

"My motive is to warn you," said Auriol. "If you love me—you are lost—utterly lost!"

She was so startled, that she could make no reply, but burst into tears. Auriol took her hand, which she unresistingly yielded.

"A terrible fatality attaches to me in which you must have no share," he said, in a solemn tone.

"Would you had never come to my father's house!" she exclaimed in a voice of anguish.

"Is it then too late?" cried Auriol, despairingly.

"It is—if to love you be fatal," she rejoined.

"Ha!" exclaimed Auriol, striking his forehead with his clenched hand. "Recal your words—Ebba—recal them—but no, once uttered—it is impossible. You are bound to me for ever. I must fulfil my destiny."

At this juncture, a low growl broke from the dog, and guided by the sound, the youthful couple beheld, standing near the gate, the tall dark man in the black cloak. A fiendish smile sat upon his countenance.

"That is the man who frightened me!" cried Ebba.

"It is the person I supposed!" ejaculated Auriol. "I must speak to him. Leave me, Ebba. I will join you presently."

And as the girl, half-sinking with apprehension, withdrew, he advanced quickly towards the intruder.

"I have sought you for some days," said the tall man, in a stern, commanding voice. "You have not kept your appointment with me."

"I could not," replied Auriol—"an accident has befallen me."

"I know it," rejoined the other. "I am aware you were assailed by ruffians in the ruined house over the way. But you are recovered now, and can go forth. You ought to have communicated with me."

"It was my intention to do so," said Auriol.

"Our meeting cannot be delayed much longer," pursued the stranger. "I will give you three more days. On the evening of the last day, at the hour of seven, I shall look for you at the foot of the statue in Hyde Park."

"I will be there," replied Auriol.

"That girl must be the next victim," said the stranger, with a grim smile.

"Peace!" thundered Auriol.

"Nay, I need not remind you of the tenure by which you maintain your power," rejoined the stranger. "But I will not trouble you further now."

And wrapping his cloak more closely round him, he disappeared.

"Fate has once more involved me in its net," cried Auriol, bitterly. "But I will save Ebba, whatever it may cost me. I will see her no more."

And instead of returning to the house, he hurried away in the opposite direction of the stranger.

V.

THE MEETING NEAR THE STATUE.

THE evening of the third day arrived, and Auriol entered Hyde Park, by Stanhope Gate. Glancing at his watch, and finding it wanted nearly three-quarters of an hour of the time appointed for his meeting with the mysterious stranger, he struck across the park, in the direction of the Serpentine River. Apparently he was now perfectly recovered, for his arm was without the support of the sling, and he walked with great swiftness. But his countenance was deathly pale, and his looks were so wild and disordered, that the few persons he encountered shrank from him aghast.

A few minutes' rapid walking brought him to the eastern extremity of the Serpentine, and advancing close to the edge of the embankment, he gazed at the waters beneath his feet.

"I would plunge into them, if I could find repose," he murmured. "But it would avail nothing. I should only add to my sufferings. No, I must continue to endure the weight of a life burthened by crime and remorse, till I can find out the means of freeing myself from it. Once I dreaded this unknown danger, but now I seek for it in vain."

The current of his thoughts was here interrupted by the sudden appearance of a dark object on the surface of the water, which he at first took to be a huge fish, with a pair of green fins springing from its back; but after watching it more closely for a few moments, he became convinced that it was a human being, tricked out in some masquerade attire, while the slight struggles which it made, proved that life was not entirely extinct.

Though, the moment before, he had contemplated self-destruction, and had only been restrained from the attempt by the certainty of failing in his purpose, instinct prompted him to rescue the perishing creature before him. Without hesitation, therefore, and without tarrying to divest himself of his clothes, he dashed into the water, and striking out, instantly reached the object of his quest, which still continued to float, and turning it over, for the face was downwards, he perceived it was an old man, of exceedingly small size, habited in a pantomimic garb. He also remarked that a rope was twisted round the neck of the unfortunate being, making it evident that some violent attempt had been made upon his life.

Without pausing for further investigation, he took firm hold of the leathern wings of the dwarf, and with his disengaged hand propelled himself towards the shore, dragging the other after him. The next instant, he reached the bank, clambered up the low brickwork, and placed his burthen in safety.

The noise of the plunge had attracted attention, and several persons now hurried to the spot. On coming up, and finding Auriol bending over a water-sprite—for such, at first sight, the dwarf appeared—they could not repress their astonishment.

Wholly insensible to the presence of those around him, Auriol endeavoured to recal where he had seen the dwarf before. All at once, the recollection flashed upon him, and he cried aloud, "Why, it is my poor murdered grand-father's attendant, Flapdragon! But no! no!—he must be dead ages ago! Yet the resemblance is singularly striking!"

Auriol's exclamations, coupled with his wild demeanour, surprised the by-standers, and they came to the conclusion, that he must be a travelling showman, who had attempted to drown his dwarf—the grotesque, impish, garb of the latter convincing them he had been exhibited at a booth. They made signs, therefore, to each other not to let Auriol escape, and one of them, raising the dwarf's head on his knee, produced a flask, and poured some brandy from it down his throat, while others chafed his hands. These efforts were attended with much speedier success than might have been anticipated. After a struggle or two for respiration the dwarf opened his eyes, and gazed at the group around him.

"It must be Flapdragon!" exclaimed Auriol.

"Ah! who calls me?" cried the dwarf.

"I!" rejoined Auriol. "Do you not recollect me?"

"To be sure!" exclaimed the dwarf, gazing at him fixedly; "you are——" and he stopped.

"You have been thrown into the water, Master Flapdragon," cried a by-stander, noticing the cord round the dwarf's throat.

"I have," replied the little old man.

"By your governor—that is, by this person," cried another, laying hold of Auriol.

"By him—no," said the dwarf; "I have not seen that gentleman for nearly three centuries."

"Three centuries, my little patriarch?" said the man who had given him the brandy. "That's a long time. Think again."

"Its perfectly true, nevertheless," replied the dwarf.

"His wits have been washed away by the water," said the first speaker. "Give him a drop more brandy."

"Not a bit of it," rejoined the dwarf: "my senses were never clearer than at this moment. At last we have met," he continued, addressing Auriol, "and I hope we shall not speedily part again. We hold life by the same tie."

"How came you in the desperate condition in which I found you?" demanded Auriol, evasively.

"I was thrown into the canal with a stone to my neck, like a dog about to be drowned," replied the dwarf. "But, as you are aware, I'm not so easily disposed of."

Again the by-standers exchanged significant looks.

"By whom was the attempt made?" inquired Auriol.

"I don't know the villain's name," rejoined the dwarf, "but he's a very tall, dark man, and is generally wrapped in a long black cloak."

"Ha!" exclaimed Auriol. "When was it done?"

"Some nights ago, I should fancy," replied the dwarf; "for I've been a terrible long time under water. I have only just managed to shake off the stone."

At this speech, there was a titter of incredulity among the by-standers.

"You may laugh, but it's true!" cried the dwarf, angrily.

"We must speak of this anon," said Auriol. "Will you convey him to the nearest tavern?" he added, placing money in the hands of the man who held the dwarf in his arms.

"Willingly, sir," replied the man, "I'll take him to the Life Guardsman, near the barracks, that's the nearest public."

"I'll join him there in an hour," replied Auriol, moving away.

And as he disappeared, the man took up his little burthen, and bent his steps towards the barracks.

Utterly disregarding the dripping state of his habiliments, Auriol, proceeded quickly to the place of rendezvous. Arrived there, he looked around, and not seeing any one, flung himself upon a bench at the foot of the gentle eminence on which the gigantic statue of Achilles is placed.

It was becoming rapidly dark, and heavy clouds portending speedy rain, increased the gloom. Auriol's thoughts were sombre as the weather and the hour, and he fell into a deep fit of abstraction, from which he was roused by a hand laid on his shoulder.

Recoiling at the touch, he raised his eyes, and beheld the stranger leaning over him, and gazing at him with a look of diabolical exultation. The cloak was thrown partly aside, so as to display the tall, gaunt figure of its wearer; while the large collar of sable fur with which it was decorated stood out like the wings of a demon. The stranger's hat was off, and his high broad forehead, white as marble, was fully revealed.

"Our meeting must be brief," he said. "Are you prepared to fulfil the compact?"

"What do you require?" replied Auriol.

"Possession of the girl I saw three days ago," said the other, "the iron-merchant's daughter, Ebba. She must be mine."

"Never!" cried Auriol, firmly—"never!"

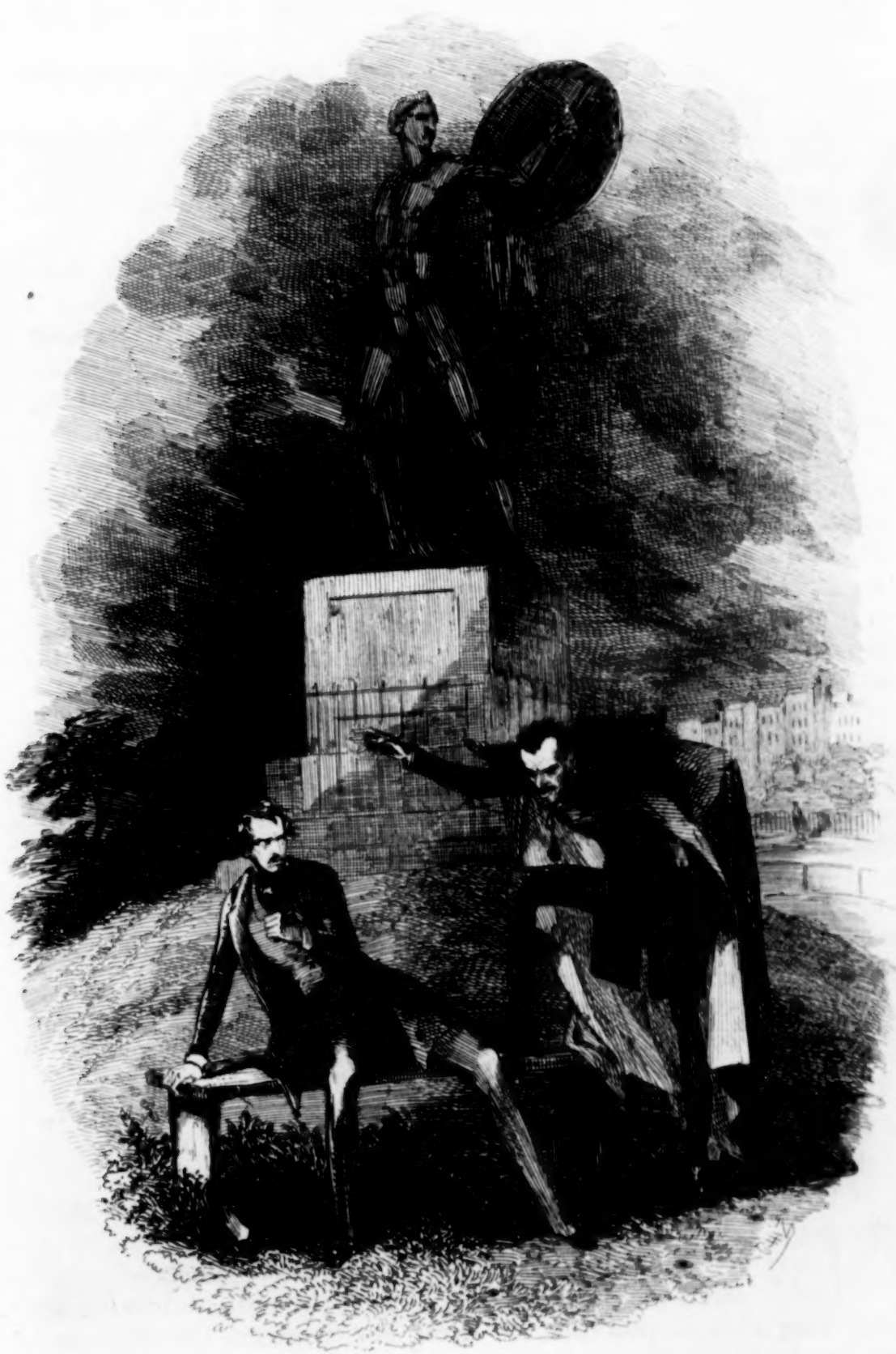
"Beware how you tempt me to exert my power," said the stranger; "she *must* be mine—or——"

"I defy you!" rejoined Auriol; "I will never consent."

"Fool!" cried the other, seizing him by the arm, and fixing a withering glance upon him. "Bring her to me ere the week be out, or dread my vengeance!"

And, enveloping himself in his cloak, he retreated behind the statue, and was lost to view.

As he disappeared, a moaning wind arose, and heavy rain descended. Still Auriol did not quit the bench.



The mysterious interview in Hyde Park.

A JAR OF HONEY FROM MOUNT HYBLA.

BY LEIGH HUNT.

NO. XII. AND LAST.

DANTE'S EVENING.—AVE-MARIA OF BYRON.—THE SICILIAN VESPERS.—NOTHING "INFERNAL" IN NATURE.—SICILIAN MARINER'S HYMN.—INVOCATION FROM COLERIDGE.—PAGAN AND ROMAN-CATHOLIC WORSHIP.—LATIN AND ITALIAN COUPLET.—WINTER'S RATTO DI PROSERPINA.—A HINT ON ITALIAN AIRS.—BELLINI.—COVENTRY PATMORE AND OTHER NEW POETS.—MELI, THE MODERN THEOCRITUS.

IN closing our Blue Jar, a rosy light seems to come over it, at once beautiful and melancholy; for terminations are farewells, and farewells remind us of evenings, and of the divine lines of the poet:—

"Era già l'ora, che volge 'l desio
A' naviganti, e intenerisce 'l cuore
Lo dì ch'an detto a' dolci amici A Dio:
E che lo nuovo peregrin d'amore
Punge, se ode squilla di lontano,
Che paia 'l giorno pianger che si muore."

'Twas now the hour, when thoughts of home renew
The sighs of voyagers, and oft portray
The moment when they bade sweet friends adieu;
And the new pilgrim now, on his lone way,
Thrills as he hears the distant village bell,
That seems to mourn for the expiring day.

Divine, indeed, are those lines of Dante. Why didn't he write all such, instead of employing two volumes of his poem out of three, to shew us how much less he cared to be divine than infernal? Was it absolutely necessary for him to have so much black ground for his diamonds?

And another poet who took to the black, or rather the burlesque, side of things, how could he write so beautifully on the same theme, and resist giving us whole poems as tender and confiding, to assist in making the world happy? The stanza respecting the Ave Maria is surely the best in "Don Juan:"—

"Ave Maria! blessed be the hour!
The time, the clime, the spot where I so oft
Have felt the moment in its fullest power
Sink o'er the earth, so beautiful and soft,
While swung the deep bell in the distant tower,
Or the faint dying day-hymn stole aloft,
And not a breath crept through the rosy air,
And yet the forest leaves seem'd stirr'd with prayer."

Not, we beg leave to say, that we are Roman-catholic, either in our creed or our form of worship, though we should be not a little inclined to become such, did the creed contain nothing harsher or less just than the adoration of maternity. We have been taught to be too catholic in the true sense of the word (Universal), to wish for any ultimate form of Christianity, except that which shall drop all the perplexing thorns through which it has grown, and let the odour of its flower be recognised in its spotless force without one infernal embitterment.

But it will be said that there are infernal embitterments even in the sweetest forms of things, whether we will have them or no—massacres

in bee-hives, Dantes among the greatest poets, *Sicilian Vespers*. Think of those, it will be said. Think of the horrible massacre known by the name of the "*Sicilian Vespers*." Think of the day in your honeyed, Hyblæan island, when this same hour which

Sinks on the earth, so beautiful and soft,

with not a breath in its rosy air, and with the leaves of its trees moving as if they were lips of adoring silence, was the signal for an indiscriminate slaughter of men, women, and children; ay, babes at the breast, and mothers innocent as the object of vesper worship. Was there nothing infernal in that? Is there nothing hellish, and of everlasting embitterment in the recollection?

No. And again, a loud and happy No, of everlasting sweetness.

The infernal and the everlastingly bitter are the same things. There is nothing infernal that has a limit; therefore there is nothing infernal in nature. Look round, and shew it if you can. Nature will have no unlimited pain. The sufferer swoons, or dies, or endures; but the limit comes. Death itself is but the dissolution of compounds that have either been disordered or worn out, and therefore cannot continue pleasantly to co-exist. Horrible was this Sicilian massacre; horrible and mad; one of the wildest reactions against wickedness in human history. The French masters of the island had grown mad with power and debauchery, and the islanders grew mad with revenge. It was the story in little of the French Revolution—not the Revolution of Three Days, truly deserving the title of Glorious for its Christian forbearance, but the old, untaught, delirious, Robespierre Revolution. Dreadful is it to think of the vesper bell ringing to that soft worship of the mother of charity itself, and then of thousands of daggers, at the signal, leaping out of the infuriated bosoms of the expected worshippers, and plunging into every foreign heart next them, man, woman, and child. But there came an end; soon, to the body; sooner or later, to the mind. The dead were buried; the French dynasty in the island was destroyed, and a better brought in. The evil perished, and good came out of it; and myriads of vespers have taken place since then, but not one like that. Yes, myriads of vespers—a vesper every day, ever since—from the year 1282 to this present 1844,—all gentle, all secure from the like misery, all more or less worthy of the beautiful description of the poet. If the massacre called the Sicilian Vespers had been infernal, it would have been going on now! and nature has not made such hellish enormities possible. The only durability to which she tends is a happy one. Her shortest lives (accidents apart) are her least healthy; her greatest longevities are those of healthy serenity. Supposing the earth to be animated (as some have thought it), we cannot conceive it to be unhappy, rolling, as it has done for ages, round the sun with a swiftness like the blood in the veins of childhood. Eternity of existence is inconceivable on any ground of analogy, except as identical with healthy prevalence; and healthy prevalence, with sensation, is inconceivable apart from sensations of pleasure. Pain alone is fugitive.

Gone long ago are the bad Sicilian Vespers; but the good Sicilian Vespers, the beautiful Sicilian music, the beautiful Sicilian poetry. these remain; and, as if in sweet scorn of the catastrophe, they are particularly famous for their gentleness. To be told that a Sicilian air is about to be sung, is to be prepared to hear something especially

sweet and soft. Every protestant as well as Roman-catholic lover of music knows the *Sicilian Mariners' Hymn*; and is a catholic, if not a Roman worshipper, while he sings it. Fancy it rising at a distance out of the white-sailed boat in the darkling blue waters, when the sun has just gone down, and the rock on the woody promontory above the chapel, whose bell gave the notice, is touched with rose-colour. Nay, fancy you forget all this, and think only of the honest, simple mariners singing this hymn, at the moment when their wives and children are repeating the spirit of it on shore, and all Italy is doing the same:

"O sanctissima, O purissima,
Dulcis Virgo Maria!
Mater amata, intemerata,
Ora pro nobis!"

O most holy, O most spotless,
Mary, Virgin glorious!
Mother dearest, maiden clearest—
Oh, we pray thee, pray for us.

The sweetest of English poets could not resist echoing this kind of evening music in a strain of his own; but though he did it in the course of an invocation to a spirit, it is rather a description than a prayer. It is however very Sicilian.

INVOCATION.

Sung behind the scenes in Coleridge's tragedy of "Remorse;" to be accompanied, says the poet, by "soft music from an instrument of glass or steel."

"Hear, sweet spirit—hear the spell!
Lest a blacker charm compel;
So shall the midnight breezes swell
With thy deep long-lingering knell."

(Observe the various yet bell-like intonation of that last verse, and the analogous feeling in the repetition of the rhyme.)

"And at evening evermore,
In a chapel on the shore,
Shall the chanters, sad and saintly,
Yellow tapers burning faintly,
Doleful masses chant for thee,
Miserere, Domine!

"Hark! the cadence dies away
On the yellow moonlight sea:
The boatmen rest their oars, and say,
Miserere, Domine!"

The tapers are yellow in the chapel, and the moonlight yellow out of doors—one of those sympathies of colour, which are often finer than contrast.

Coleridge was so fond of sweet sounds, that he makes one of the characters in this play exclaim—

"If the bad spirit retain'd his angel's voice,
Hell scarce were hell."

The Pagans of old were of the same opinion, for they made Pluto break his inexorable laws at the sound of the harp of Orpheus, his eyes, in spite of themselves, being forced to shed "*iron tears*," as Milton finely calls them. The notes, as the poet says—

"Drew iron tears down Pluto's cheek,
And made Hell grant what Love did seek."

"The grim king of the ghosts" would not have shed them if he could have helped it. So Moschus, in his "Elegy on the Death of Bion," expresses his opinion that, if his deceased friend would sing a pastoral to the Queen of Pluto, "something *Sicilian*," as he emphatically calls it (Σικελικὸν τι) she could not have the heart to deny his resuscitation. One should like to know the hymns which the pagans actually sung to Proserpina and her mother Ceres, and how far they coincided, perhaps in some instances were identical, with strains now sung in the catholic churches. Some of their oldest chants are supposed to be of Greek origin; and indeed it would be marvellous if *all* the ancient music had been swept away, considering how many ceremonies, vestments, odours, processions, churches themselves, and, to say the truth, opinions were retained by the new creed from the old—wisely in many instances, most curiously in all. Very naturally, too; for the knees are the same knees with which all human beings kneel, pagan or Christian; and the sky is the same to which they look up, whether inhabited by saints or goddesses. Nor is there anything "blasphemous" (as zealous Protestants are too quick to assert) in the Roman-catholic tendency to use the same kind of language towards the one, as was held and hymned towards the other; for blasphemy signifies what is injurious to the character of the divinity; and nothing is injurious to it except the attribution of injustice and cruelty. If theological opinions, of whatever creed, offended in nothing worse than an excess of zeal towards the beauty of the maternal character, or in behalf of the supposition that the spirits of the good and pious interested themselves in our welfare, the human heart would be little disposed to quarrel with them, in times even more enlightened than the present. There is a couplet extant in Italy, remarkable for being both Italian and Latin, every word. It might have been addressed by a pagan of the Lower Roman Empire, to the goddess Proserpina, when *she* was the guardian angel of Sicily, or to the Virgin Mary, by a modern Roman catholic; and we find nothing horrible in this. On the contrary, it seems to fuse the two eras gently and tenderly together, by the same affecting link of human want and natural devotion. This is the couplet:—

"In mare irato, in subita procella,
Invoco te, nostra benigna stella."

In sudden storms, and when the billows blind,
Thee I invoke, star sweet to human-kind!

When we spoke, in a former article, of the beautiful Sicilian story of Proserpina, we forgot (a very ungrateful piece of forgetfulness) to add, that one of the loveliest tributes ever paid to it by genius, is the *Ratto di Proserpina*—Winter's opera so called. There is every charm of the subject in it,—the awfulness of the greater gods, the genial maternity of Ceres, the tender memory of her daughter, the cordial re-assurances given her by Mercury, the golden-age dances of the shepherds. What smile of encouragement ever surpassed that of the strain on the words *Cerere tornerà*, in the divine trio, *Mi lasci, O madre amata*? What passionate mixture of delight and melancholy, the world-famous duet of *Vaghi colli*? Why does not some publisher make an *Elegant Extracts* of such music from composers that will survive all fashion, and have comments written upon them, like those on poets? What would we not give to see such an edition of the finest airs of all the great in-

ventive melodists, the Pergolesis and Paisiellos and their satellites, and all the inventive harmonists too, the Bachs, Corellis, and Beethovens, each with *variorum* notes from the best critics, and loving indications of the beauties of particular passages? Publications of this kind are yet wanting to the honour, and glory, and thorough household companionship of the art of music; and it is a pity somebody does not take the opportunity of setting about them, when there are critics both in and out of the profession, quite capable of doing them justice. Mr. Novello began some time ago a selection of early Italian melodies, made with his usual good taste, and including a remarkable one by Salvator Rosa. Why could he not resume them, with these new critical accompaniments, and so help to teach the world the beauties to which it has happily grown more inclined to listen?

But we are straying from our Sicilian pastures. The last true musician given to the world (for we believe he was younger than the best now living) was Bellini, a native of Sicily. He was the true son of the softness of its inspiration; and seemed like its poet, Bion, come back again to make love and to die. Never, surely, (with the leave of the orchestras for mentioning such things,) have those popular disseminators of music, the street organs, been in such fine and full condition, as since they abounded in the more potential strains of Rossini, grave and gay, and the sensitive graces of this sweet Sicilian melodist. His vocal muse had the earnest and flowing tenderness of the poetry of Keats. Shelley would have sate bending in his chair, with his Plato or his Homer closed over his finger where he left off, and listened as long as anybody chose to play him. One prematurely gone genius reminds us, alas! of others. We hope we are not going to lose any more. Respecting "Young England" in general, we have, indeed, no misgiving; seeing that our illustrious infantine friend of that name should rather, perhaps, be called Middle-aged England; his youthfulness being of the Roman sort, which styled a man juvenile till he was five and forty. But *Youngest* England should have a care, and not hazard too many accidents by "flood and field,"—too many horsebacks in all weathers, and running races with time. Hear this, Coventry Patmore! you who want nothing but experience, and the study of the mechanism of verse, to become equal to the finest poets existing.*

We had hoped to close our Jar of Honey with more than one specimen of the modern Theocritus, Giovanni Meli; but circumstances mentioned in our preceding article, have hindered us from being able to consult his works in the British Museum (where, we are happy to say, they are to be found); and, accordingly, we must content ourselves with being indebted for a taste of him to the pages in which we first made his acquaintance,—those of an interesting article in the

* May the writer take this opportunity (in accordance with an old habit of recognising new poets, in which it has been his good fortune to prosper) to hail some other names, just now emerging in the poetical horizon;—to wit, Lowell, an American poet of a very unusual order;—Jones, author of "Studies of Sensation and Event," a little excessive at present on the animal side;—and Aubrey de Vere, a poet who, if we mistake not, is the son of a poet. Mr. De Vere has a particular claim on us in this place, from the subject that gives the principal title to his book,—the *Search after Proserpine*. Among his many noble smaller poems, is one, most noble, on "Coleridge."

Foreign Quarterly Review, vol. v., on the *Dialects and Literature of Southern Italy*.

Meli, according to this authority, was the good fellow a poet ought to be, though he basked no genial inspiration in his verses, and was a modern Anacreon as well as Theocritus. He could write hymns full of natural piety, as well as pastorals and love-songs. He was a physician by profession, but far more of a poet, we guess, in practice; and like most such poets, he was poor, till doubtless he thought himself rich, when King Ferdinand gave him a small pension; "for which," says the reviewer, "the poet expressed his gratitude in respectful, but not adulatory terms." He died about twenty years ago, at a good old age.

The Dialect of Sicily is remarkable for preferring closer sounds to the broad ones of its Italian brethren. It converts the Tuscan *e's* and *o's* into *i's* and *u's*. Thus, "padre" is *patri*; "mare," *mari*; "sono," *sunnu*; "colorito," *culuritu*, &c. This is just reversing the state of things in the Greek days of Theocritus, when the Dorian inhabitants of Sicily were accused of doing nothing but "yawn" and "gabble." But it is attributed to the Arabs, when they were masters of the island. It has, probably, been injurious to the cause of music, and hindered the Sicilians from producing as many fine composers as their Neapolitan neighbours. Thus much, lest the reader should start at the strange, though pretty, look of Meli's Italian, the poet having wisely chosen to speak in the tongue of those, from whose natures and homes he copied.

The only very Theocritan passage given by the reviewer in his brief notice of the Sicilian, is luckily one that furnishes direct comparison with his Greek original, and the Latin and English imitators of that original. Most readers of Pope will recollect a passage in which he describes a coquettish girl, who attracts her lover's attention, while pretending not to do so. But see how the natural thoughts, originally suggested by Theocritus, are subjected to the artificial manner. The principal idea you have, is, not of the things, but of the words, and of their classical construction:—

STREPHON. "The gentle *Delia* beckons from the plain,
Then, hid in shades, eludes her eager swain;
But feigns a laugh, to see me search around,
And by that laugh the willing fair is found.

DAPHNIS. "The sprightly *Sylvia* trips along the green,
She runs, but hopes she does not run unseen;
While a kind glance at her pursuer flies,
How much at variance are her feet and eyes?"

POPE'S PASTORALS.

Very epigrammatic that, and as unlike pastoral as the drawing-rooms could desire! It was a horrible spoiling of Virgil:—

"Malo me Galatea petit, lasciva puella,
Et fugit ad salices, et se cupit ante videri."

ECLOG. III. v. 64.

Thus translated by Dryden:—

"My Phillis me with pelted apples plies;
Then tripping to the woods the wanton hies,
And wishes to be seen before she flies."

Vastly more natural than Pope, though weak and artificial in the second line. "Plying with apples," too, is surely better than the

"seeking with an apple" (*malo me petit*) of Virgil. The Latin poet, however, in the flight of the damsel, added a charming idea to the one suggested by Theocritus, if, indeed, the Greek did not give the first hint of it himself—

Βαλλει και μαλοισι τον αιπολον ὁ Κλεαριστα,
Τας αιγας παρελευντα, και ἄδν τι ποππυλιασδει.

IDYLL. V., v. 88.

Literally,—“Clearista pelts the goatherd with apples, as he goes by with his goats, and then hums (or murmurs), something sweet.”

The goatherd here does not seem to stop. It is not certain that he and the girl are acquainted; though he wishes to imply that she loves him. In case they are intimate, we are to suppose that she intends him to imagine her saying something very pleasant, though he is too far off to hear it; but, in the other case, Virgil probably understood her to pretend that she had not pelted the apples at all; for which reason she falls humming something sweet, with an air of innocent indifference.

Be this as it may, nobody will deny the truly natural and Theocritan style in which the modern Sicilian has enlarged upon the old suggestion.

“Meli,” says the reviewer, “introduces a group of fishing-girls chattering and joking, and telling of their loves, in the absence of their parents. Their very names, Pidida, Lidda, and Ridda, sound congenial to their condition.” To an invitation “to go and romp on the sands, Lidda prudishly replies that she is afraid of meeting some rude swain. Ridda also tells a story of having seen a fisherman concealed behind the rocks, who addresses her in an amorous song, which frightened her out of her senses. But Pidida, who is the eldest of the three, loses patience at this affected simplicity, and exclaims—

‘Eh via—muzzica ecà stu jiditeddu,
E vaja franca, ca nni canuscema
Avemu tutti lu ’nnamurateddu.’

“literally,—‘Come, poor innocents, bite my little finger; but let that pass; we know each other, and that each of us has her sweetheart.’

“Lidda, at last, casts off her shyness, and sings the following pretty ditty—

‘Quannu a Calicehia jeu vogghiu parrari,
Ca spissu spissu mi veni lu sfilu,
A la finestra mi mettu a filari;
Quann’ iddu passa, poi rumpu lu filu;
Cadi lu fusu; ed eu mettu a gridari,
‘Gnuri, pri carità proitimilu.
Iddu lu pigghia; mi metti a guardari;
Jeu mi nni vaju suppilu suppilu.’

“When I wish to speak to my sweetheart, which occurs pretty often, I seat myself at the window to spin; and when he is passing underneath, I manage to break the thread; the spindle falls (out of the window), and I cry out, dolefully, ‘Oh, friend, be so kind as to pick it up for me!’ He does so, and looks at me, when I feel out of my wits for joy.”

We shall not close our Jar with anything less good than this. We leave the reader with the taste of the right honey on his lips; and returning him thanks for his perusal of a set of articles, of which illness has rendered the little value still less, wish him, and his, all the good things in the world.

LITTLE FOOLS AND GREAT ONES.

BY CHARLES MACKAY.

WHEN at the social board you sit,
 And pass around the wine,
 Remember though abuse is vile,
 That use may be divine:
 That Heaven, in kindness, gave the grape
 To cheer both great and small;—
 That little fools will drink too much,
 But great ones not at all.

And when in youth's too fleeting hours,
 You roam the earth alone,
 And have not sought some loving heart
 That you may make your own:—
 Remember woman's priceless worth,
 And think, when pleasures pall,—
 That little fools will love too much,
 But great ones not at all.

And if a friend deceived you once,
 Absolve poor human kind,
 Nor rail against your fellow man
 With malice in your mind:

But in your daily intercourse,
 Remember, lest you fall,—
 That little fools confide too much,
 But great ones not at all.

In weal or woe, be trustful still;
 And in the deepest care
 Be bold and resolute, and shun
 The coward fool Despair.
 Let work and hope go hand in hand;
 And know, whate'er befall,—
 That little fools may hope too much,
 But great ones not at all.

In work or pleasure, love or drink,
 Your rule be still the same,
 Your work not toil, your pleasure pure,
 Your love a steady flame.
 Your drink not maddening, but to cheer,
 So shall your joy not pall,
 For little fools enjoy too much,
 But great ones not at all.

THE PAINTER OF CHIHUAHUA.

BY PERCY B. ST. JOHN.

PART I.—THE GOVERNOR'S DAUGHTER.

IN the outskirts of the city of Chihuahua, capital of the Mexican province of the same name, are a series of low and straggling huts composed of adobes, or unburnt bricks. Few houses in New Mexico are of any superior material, though in the good city of Chihuahua, many of the better sort have certainly the advantage of being cornered with hewn stone, while the doors and windows are similarly constituted. The shops or stores, as they are called by the Americans, their principal owners, are of the same material; and I have been assured by Mr. O'Hara, a merchant who resided many years in this distant mart, and whom I knew during my residence in Galveston, Texas, that the show of finery in them, particularly in the article of dress, would not disgrace a provincial town in the United States, or many a rural district nearer home.

In one of the wretched adobe huts above alluded to, stretched out in all the indulgence apparently of a siesta, in a Mexican grass hammock, lay a young man, pale, gaunt, and thin, whose dark, sunburnt features, gave his pallor only a more ghastly hue. His costume was spare and scanty, being composed of mocassins, buckskin trousers, a blue check shirt, and thrown over this a Mexican poncho, or blanket. A white beaver sombrero, or broad-brimmed hat, which hung on a peg, completed his attire. Round the walls were hung a number of drawings, landscapes, architectural representations, and still more numerous,

portraits of Indian men and women, of the costume of the wild and savage Comanches, Apaches, Navajoes, Eutaws, &c. Several articles of Indian dress were also scattered about the floor, while on a board that served the purpose of a table, were drawing implements—pencils, a palette, paint-brushes, and other requisites for producing the landscapes and sketches which adorned the room.

Pierre Lenoir, the artist's name, was not alone. A dreadful and implacable enemy was by him, and this was hunger. Ten years previous to the day of which we speak, Pierre, then being eighteen years of age, had started from home like the enthusiastic Catlin, or Audubon, in search of natural and rare studies, visited the savage and wild tribes of Indians which crowd the borders of New Mexico and Texas. In his eager desire for new subjects, both human and inanimate, he had dwelt among the Navajoes, in the main range of the Cordilleras, on the waters of the Rio Colorado of California, with the Apaches, on the head waters of the Rio Grande del Norte, the Eutaws between Snake River and Rio Colorado, the Comanches, and other Indian tribes but little known to Americans.* During a lengthened and studious residence he had become intimately acquainted with their habits—could speak their languages—and, in many instances, had been admitted as a brother; sometimes, even had so pleased the Indians, as to be formally inducted as a chief. His artistic talents had principally served him; but his skill in the chase—his excellence as a shot—and his cool and collected courage, were also no slight recommendations to men whose existence depended on hunting, and whose amusement was war.

Occasionally, Lenoir visited the border settlements, where he disposed of his paintings to men, who, in the more civilized regions of the North, obtained a large profit from their investment. Lenoir was satisfied if he procured in exchange for his clever productions, new canvas, a supply of paint and of brushes, powder and shot, and vermillion, or other articles suited for presents, of which tobacco was the most important and valuable ingredient. In the hope of finding a ready market for his artistic wares, and perhaps of gaining some employment in portrait-painting, Pierre had visited New Mexico, and after a long journey had reached Chihuahua. It very soon, however, appeared, that the New Mexicans were either deficient in taste, or in the means of gratifying it; and that the few countrymen of Lenoir (who was a French creole† from Louisiana) were far too busily engaged in money-making, to be tempted to give him a sitting. Lenoir, in the hope of thus drawing a few customers, painted a very pretty señora, gratuitously; the señora was very proud of the honour, and shewed the portrait to all her acquaintance with much satisfaction; but the only advantage which Pierre derived from the picture was, a permit from the lady's husband to live rent free in the adobe hut, now occupied by the artist.

One principal cause of the great want of success experienced by Pierre, was the singular ignorance of the population; so little was, not

* In the United States, "Americans" is a word applied only to inhabitants of the United States. I have fallen into this habit. Why, however, Mexicans or Canadians should not come within this denomination, is a question for brother Jonathan to resolve.

† This expression is applied to all of French race, born in the Southern States.

a literary or artistic taste cultivated, but the mere rudiments of knowledge diffused among the people, that a curate once asked, "Whether Napoleon and Washington were not *one* and the *same* person? and whether Europe was not a province of Spain?"* Schools were rarities provided only for the very rich; and a woman who could write was looked upon in Chihuahua as quite a prodigy of talent. It is, therefore, little to be wondered at that our adventurous artist was not encouraged; indeed, a passion for dress and jewellery so completely filled the minds of the Mexican ladies, that they had little leisure to think of other luxuries.

Pierre Lenoir had learned the philosophy of patience during his wanderings over the Great Western Prairies, if he had gained no other knowledge; and on making the disagreeable discovery that he was not wanted in Chihuahua, would have immediately taken up his scrip and his staff, and, shaking the dust off his feet, have permitted the city to know him no more, had it been in his power so to act. But sickness overcame him—a bilious fever rendered him utterly helpless—and his last dollar, and then his last cent disappeared during the progress of his illness. This unfortunate bankruptcy had taken place some forty-eight hours previous to the moment when we seek the unfortunate artist in his adobe hut, where, free from fever, but weak, both from disease and want of nourishment, Pierre Lenoir lay ruminating on what course was best to pursue.

Pierre was naturally proud, and his residence among, and assimilation with, the Indians, was in nothing more apparent than in his patience beneath suffering, and his resolute determination against revealing his wants.

It was about eight in the evening, and Pierre rose from his hammock, wrapped his blanket round his person, donned his sombrero, which was covered with oil-cloth, and ornamented by a band of tinsel cord, and prepared to go forth into the open air. It was terrible to lie thus in a vain struggle with hunger; and Pierre thought, and perhaps justly, that it was more likely he should happen on a dinner by mixing among his fellows, than by lying in his wretched hut, awaiting the result of the chapter of accidents.

Passing beneath a stupendous arch of the great aqueduct which supplies the town with water, and which tells of the departed glories of Spain, Pierre found himself within Chihuahua, the finest city in the interior of Mexico. Situated near the southern base of a chain of serrated and precipitous mountains, here forming a sort of crescent, the city stands in the curve, and with its large and magnificent cathedral, churches, convents, and public buildings, forms by no means an unpleasant feature in the landscape.

Passing rapidly through the streets, with his blanket concealing his face, and his sombrero over his eyes, Pierre soon gained the plaza, or square, in the centre of which is an elegant fountain opposite the cathedral, said to equal in architectural grandeur anything of the kind in the republic. The other three sides were occupied by the shops of the principal native and foreign merchants, and to these our artist devoted his attention. The late-hour system appears to be universally

* See on this point, and all others relative to manners in this country, Josiah Gregg's very interesting work on the Commerce of the Prairies. London: Wiley and Putnam.

popular in Chihuahua, since shopping—the favourite amusement of the ladies—chiefly takes place by candlelight, after the señoras have partaken of their chocolate and cigaritos. Both the streets and the shops are crowded from nine until ten, and often until a later hour, which is very disagreeable to the owners, who have great difficulty in preventing the pilfering propensities of some even of their fair visitors from being carried into effect.

Pierre, pushing through the crowd, paused before the store of an American, of whom he had almost made up his mind to ask assistance. Still he paused. His hunger was great, but his pride was still greater; and it is quite probable Lenoir would have walked away ere he could have made up his mind to enter, when the aged attendant of a lady who was within advanced to the door, and judging from his appearance that he was a picaros, or loafer, loitering about in search of a job, addressed him with that politeness which is universal in Mexico between persons of every class, and inquired if the caballero would carry a parcel for her young mistress to her father's rancho, outside the town? Pierre was about to reply somewhat indignantly, when it flashed across his mind that he might thus earn a meal, and accordingly he accepted. The old duenna returned into the shop, and soon reappeared, bearing a moderate sized parcel, and followed by a singularly beautiful young Mexican girl, in the act of adjusting her *reboso* over her face. Pierre, however, had time to be struck both by her extreme loveliness and by the graceful elegance of her costume.

Lenoir shouldered his parcel with a grim smile, though reflecting that in a town where he was a mere stranger, the act was one which could in nowise compromise his dignity. The young señora passed on in conversation with her duenna, from whose loud talk Pierre soon discovered that his fair employer was no less a personage than the daughter of the governor of the state and town of Chihuahua.

The young lady and her companion passed out of the town, and took their way along the high road to Santa Fè, on which was situated, about half a mile distant, a hacienda belonging to Don Emanuel Trias, the very excellent governor of Chihuahua.

Pierre was quite incapable of keeping pace with the señora—a fact which at first raised suspicions in the mind of the duenna; but a few words of conversation having betrayed that he was a foreigner, Margharita was reassured, and hurried after her mistress. At no great distance from the hacienda, the road skirted a grove of pinon, or scrub-pine, and a path passing more directly through this, Pierre took the shorter cut. Fatigue had now almost overcome him, and crying to the old woman that he would follow in an instant, he seated himself upon his bundle, to snatch a moment of rest. At this instant his ear caught the sound of coming horsemen, and, rising, his quick and experienced eye caught sight of a party of Apache Indians in the act of surrounding the señora, whom they instantly made a prisoner, slaying and scalping the duenna on the spot.

The Apache Indians live chiefly in the neighbourhood of the mountains lying between New Mexico and the States of Señora and Chihuahua—are expert horsemen—keep immense droves of those animals—and are surpassingly adroit in the use of the lance, and bow and arrow. They are a proud, independent, and brave tribe, and having had but little intercourse with the whites, are increasing in numbers,

and in Indian wealth—horses, arms, and finery. They pour down upon the Mexicans with the speed of the whirlwind, and then gain their mountain fastnesses ere pursuit can be organized. In number about fifteen thousand, those on the east of the Rio del Norte, are generally known as *Mezcaleros*, from *mezcal*, an article of their food; while the rest are called *Coyoteros*, from their eating the coyote, or prairie wolf. They are singularly vagrant in their habits; never construct houses, but live in easily-removed wigwams. For food they chiefly depend on the sheep, and mules especially, of the Mexican haciendas. Of the latter edible they are exceedingly fond. In their depredations they spare neither California, Señora, Durango, or Coahuila; but Chihuahua receives the principal portion of their attacks. And so daring are they that small bands of three and four warriors have been known to come up within a mile of the city, make prisoners, and drive off droves of mules and horses. Of course their strength lies principally in the imbecility of their enemies.

The attack on the governor's daughter and the death of her attendant were the work of a moment; and ere Pierre Lenoir had time even to think of action, the Apaches, who had not observed him, were scampering in all haste towards the hacienda of Don Emanuel Trias. To pounce upon the alarmed pueblos—to fire the outhouses, and obtain possession of the droves of mules and other cattle, which are the principal wealth of Mexican proprietors, was very shortly executed by these expert thieves, who are outdone by no roving people, not even the Arabs, in the rapidity of their movements. This done, the robbers took the highway towards Santa Fè, and were very shortly in the mountains on their way to the Rio Grande del Norte.

THE COURT AND THE COURT CIRCULAR—AN ANECDOTE OF "OLD TOWNSEND."

BY THE AUTHOR OF "MORNINGS IN BOW STREET."

VIVE LA REINE D'ANGLETERRE! was the joyous cry re-echoed from ship to ship throughout the French squadron in waiting at Spithead, the other day, as the royal English steam yacht gracefully swept past them, with the standard of England floating at her mast-head, and bearing within her gilded bulwarks the fair Majesty of England and her consort. Vive la Reine d'Angleterre!

And in like manner say I—"Long live Queen Victoria!" Short as her reign has yet been, its benign influence has not only in a great degree softened, and almost subdued political animosities, and the clamours of wrangling factions within this realm of ours; but it has latterly been distinguished by a revival throughout Europe of the old spirit of chivalry;—not that chivalry which boasted of its thews and sinews, and gloated upon cracked crowns and shivered lances, but that graceful chivalry of which it has been said, courtesy, honour, generosity, justice, humanity, loyalty, and pure devotedness to the fair and beautiful, were the characteristics. For her sake the kings and kaisers

of the earth have become knights *errant*, and leaving their thrones and kingdoms to the care of councils and of deputies, they compass sea and land in quest of this one fair lady "throned by the West."

"From the four corners of the earth they come,
To seek this shrine—this mortal-breathing saint.
The Russian deserts, and the vasty wilds
Of wide Europa, are as thoroughfares now
For princes to come, greet VICTORIA!
The wat'ry kingdom, whose ambitious head
Spits in the face of Heaven, is no bar
To stop these foreign spirits; but they come,
As o'er a brook, to greet VICTORIA!"

And well is it for the honour and renown of the court of once merrie England that it is so; for before these royal and imperial gallants took to coming hither, the English court seems to have been as dull and monotonous as an eremite could wish. If we are to pin our faith in courtly matters on that dull diary which is daily to be found alike in the heart of every newspaper, and denominated the Court Circular—the daily doings at the English court in general are dull enough, of all conscience; so dull, indeed, that the Court Circular which professes to narrate them, is dull as any day-book; and the Court Circular of Monday might be stereotyped for every other day in the week, and suffer no damage thereby. Save and except when one of these foreign kings is visiting here, go where you will, in every nine days out of every ten—at the breakfast-table, in the public library, in the tavern, or in the club-house—the common remark is, "How dreadfully dull the Court Circular is to-day!" Read it yourself, day by day, and, wearying of its sameness, you will think our sovereign lady's royal consort may e'en say with good King Henry, of that name the Sixth :—

"Ah, me! methinks it is a quiet life
To sit upon a bench, as I do now;
To carve out dials quaintly, point by point,
Thereby to see the minutes how they run—
How many make the hour full complete—
How many hours bring about the day—
How many days will finish up the year—
How many years a mortal prince may live.
When this is known, then to divide the time;
So many hours may I take my rest,
So many hours must I take my walk,
So many hours may I disport myself
On horseback, or on foot, with Wem'ss, or Bowater;
Shooting the rabbits when they are in season,
Or reckoning up my stock on Norfolk farm;
So many days my ewes have been with young,
So many weeks ere the poor fools will yeave,
So many weeks ere I shall shear the fleece;
Still, taking care to be at home to lunch,
At one, precisely."

I don't mean to say that the prince moralizes precisely in these terms, or precisely on such matters as these; but this is the melancholy complexion to which the dull dreary monotony of the Court Circular has reduced the court in the apprehension of people in general; and therefore it may not be amiss to say a few words on the origin of the Court Circular;—the why and the wherefore for its invention, and to

give some rather interesting details touching its first promulgation, and thus, perhaps, in some degree, account for its general vapidness and homeliness of diction.

George the Fourth, "the first gentleman in the universe," had the courage and the honour to institute the Court Circular. It was one of his earliest cares after he had assumed the sovereignty as Prince Regent; and the instruments he employed to bring it about prove how lightly he regarded "the *Fourth Estate*," and how dearly he loved *absolutism*. Before the time of his regency there was no such thing as a Court Circular; but, time out of mind, the newspapers had been left to pick up court news how and where they could, and they, knowing the difficulty of obtaining it, left it to those shrewd descendants of Autolycus—those "snappers-up of unconsidered trifles," who write history for three-halfpence a line—who take *nunquam dormio* for their motto, and whose revenue is simple gullibility. Consequently, the court and the purlieus thereof were much infested by these mercurial out-scouts of journalism; and of course, courtly considerations had little to do with *their* pickings up. Quantity, not quality, was their object; and provided they obtained the quantity, they were not over delicate in their mode of dressing it. They had only to take care that it was lengthy enough for their own interest, and sufficiently piquant, or otherwise, to suit the taste of their several employers; and the melange, thus cleverly and diversely concocted, appeared in the newspapers of the next day under the head—Royal "MOVEMENTS."

Now the Prince Regent was man-of-the-world enough to know that, "what great ones do, the less will prattle of;" but, as the lads say at school, he saw no fun in living under the *surveillance* of a swarm of young literary scamps who, day by day, were publishing their conjecturings of this, and *presumings* of that, and by putting *this* and *that* together, make out a new mare's-nest for every day in the year; and so he determined to put a stop to it altogether and forthwith. And this brings me to the second part of my discourse, to wit—a passage in the life of "Old Townsend."

Who that has ever sauntered along Pall Mall, and the stable-yard, St. James's Palace, or through the Mall in the park of that ilk any fine sunshiny morning during the fashionable season between 1820 and the next twelve years, does not well remember "Old Townsend," the short, dumpy, "bumptious" Bow Street officer, in nankeen shorts and short gaiters, to match, with blue and white striped silk hose between; his blue broadcloth dress-coat buttoned over his portly paunch, which was always carefully invested in a neat marcella "vest;" his cranium closely covered with a flaxen scratch, his flaxen scratch surmounted by a broad-brimmed drab beaver, his drab beaver surrounded and adorned with a drab riband, and full rosette, to correspond, and his righthand graced with a handsome silver-headed stout Malacca cane? Reader, if you have ever met such a man,—and no doubt you have, for he was always to be met with for many years at the time and place above mentioned, sometimes arm-in-arm with the Duke of York, or chatting familiarly with Lord Sidmouth,—that man, be it known unto thee, was "Old Townsend." George the Fourth called him John—plain "John;" by the ladies, he was called "Mister Townsend," for he was a special favourite and a useful man to them—

as I mean to shew, sometime or other; by the great officers of state, and the cabinet ministers, he was also called Mister Townsend; but by the common sort, who delight to vulgarize everything, he was called "Old Townsend." In his younger days, he had been a student in shoe-blacking, in his majesty's gaol of Newgate; from shoe-blacking, he elevated himself to coal-heaving, and in that profession he obtained the honour of being an odd man; from coal-heaving, he took to the gaol again, and became a trusty turnkey; from turning the key in Newgate, he turned Bow Street officer, and principal confidant of Sir Richard Birnie, Knight; from Bow Street he was advanced to the run of all the royal palaces, and became the intimate of royalty itself from George the Third down to William the Fourth; the consulting friend of all the lord chancellors, from Lord Loughborough down to Lord Eldon; the gratuitous adviser of all cabinet ministers, from Mr. Spencer Percival, Lord Sidmouth, &c., down to Sir Robert Peel; the favourite champion of the ladies generally; and, finally, he was the very man whom George the Fourth called in to aid, and assist him in establishing the COURT CIRCULAR!

"John, we want you," said Sir John M'Mahon, seizing Townsend by the button, as they accidentally met under the portico of Carlton House one morning, shortly after the passing of the Regency Act. Sir John M'Mahon was a small Irish gentleman, with a rather large and somewhat carbuncled nose; and he was, moreover, privy purse-bearer, and private secretary to his royal highness the prince regent. So, seizing Townsend by his button, as above related, he said to him, "John, we want you;" and Townsend, drawing himself up to his full height—five feet four, or thereabout—replied, "Werry good, Sir John."—"We want your assistance," continued Sir John, "in a matter which must be instantly attended to—*instantly*—do you understand me?"

"Understand you, Sir John!" replied Townsend—"to be sure I do; and I'm always at your service, Sir John, or his royal highness' either; and you may always ——"

"Ay, ay, I know all that, Townsend; but do be so good as listen to me for a moment," replied Sir John, interrupting him, and giving the button a very earnest twitch, by way of bespeaking instant attention,—"do pray listen to me."

"Listen to *you*, Sir John!" exclaimed Townsend. "It's my *duty* to listen to *you*, as the privy purse and private secretary of his royal highness, who is a-holding of the royal authority, during his poor old father's illness. God bless 'em both, I say!"

Whereupon, he gave his broad beaver a jaunty cant on one side, and struck the pavement energetically with the brass-shod point of his Malacca cane, by way of giving more point to his speech, I suppose, at the same moment sticking his left arm boldly akimbo, and darting all the lustre of his keen grey eyes full on the private secretary's ruby countenance, and ending with a wink so significant, that it drew his right cheek an inch higher than the left. It was the reconciliatory wink with which the Townsend invariably let himself down from the proud attitude he assumed whenever he thought his knowledge of his *duty* was in question.

The Privy Purse understood it, and proceeded.

"Well then, Townsend, what I want to say to you is this:—You see what stupid things get into the papers almost every morning about what they call the royal *movements*, and ——"

"See 'em, Sir John!" again broke out the Townsend, grasping his cane with increased vigour; "I b'lieve I *do* see 'em, for it aint easy to keep anything away from *me*, I can tell you;" and then, spite of the repeated tugs at his button by the Privy Purse, he went on. "Why, it was only last Wednesday morning, as ever was, as I was a-coming through stable-yard, St. James's,—which I always makes it my way, from Pimlico to Bow Street,—who should I light on but York—the Dook—the custos, as they call him. 'Good morning, Mr. Townsend,' says he. 'Good morning, your royal highness,' says I; and with that, he puts his arm inside of mine, and says I to him says I, 'Why, I'm blessed,' says I, 'if them rascally noozpapers ar'nt a-running their rigs at *you* now, Mister Fred,—I'm blow'd if they ar'nt!' For you know, Sir John, how plaguy hard they've been a-running of him this last week, and if ——"

"Ay, ay, ay! never mind all that," said the impatient Privy Purse; "but tell me at once, do you know any writer for the newspapers?—any plain, decent fellow, who will say no more than is set down for him? because, if you do, I should like to see him down here directly. Do you understand?"

Townsend pursed his lips, gave his coat a tight button across his heart, struck the pavement again with the point of his cane, winked his eye vigorously, and descended the steps of the portico without answering; but before he had taken half a dozen strides across the fore court, he suddenly turned round, and seeing the Privy Purse still looking after him, he gave him another hard wink, and said—"Sir John, I'll be back in a jiffy. I can clap my finger upon the very man."

And Townsend was as good as his word. In less than half an hour—which, therefore, must be understood to signify a jiffy—he returned with an elderly police reporter in his hand—an old crony of his own, "courteous he was, lowly and serviceable"—and that same day he was installed in the office and dignity of COURT NEWSMAN. Notices were sent round to all the newspaper offices, that thenceforward circulars—"Court Circulars"—would be sent round to them from the newly appointed "court newsman," containing the only *authentic* court news, and they were warned against publishing any other. At the same time, all the approaches to the palaces, or any of their appurtenances were strictly tabooed against the incursions of the irregular troops of the press; and the establishment of the "Court Circular" was complete as it at this day appears before the public—a dreadfully dull document, except when enlivened by those occurrences peculiarly appertaining, as aforesaid, to the reign of Queen Victoria, whom God preserve!

PROGRESS OF POETRY.

HUNT—BROWN—BENNET.

Imagination and Fancy; or, Selections from the English Poets, with an Essay, in answer to the question, "What is Poetry?" By Leigh Hunt. Smith and Elder.

The Star of Attéghéi; and other Poems. By Frances Brown. Moxon.

The Poetess; and other Poems. By Georgiana Bennet. Longman.

BEFORE we turn to the first of these three volumes—to the contemplation of those greatest names in English poetry, which, in relation to their associated excellences of imagination and fancy, are now illustrated in the choice critical prose of a poet who has attained the high fortune of "numbering his name with theirs"—we propose to draw a deserved regard to two efforts, not of the same lofty character, but having something lovely in them, as well from the interest attaching to youth and sex, as from their own aspirations.

The fervent fluent verses which some time ago introduced Miss Bennet to the poetical reader, are followed, in this little volume, by pieces somewhat similar in tone, though differing, for the greater part, in subject, as the chief portions of this collection are tinged by a strong religious feeling. This pervading principle shews itself strikingly in the opening poem—picturing the wild dreams, passionate aspirings, and solemn communings with nature of a devoted girl, who achieves early the fame she intensely covets, and instantly awakens to a sense of the utter nothingness of life and the exclusive influences of religion. All is vanity on earth; and the step to another state of being is represented to be bitter disappointment in this. The out-pourings of a gifted glowing mind, so unnaturally clouded, are characterized frequently by equal energy and tenderness. That such a subject so considered, and illustrated as it here is with passages of graceful though gloomy reflection, with a fervent earnestness that always impresses, and a spirit of piety which, though indicated in the form of fiction, is unmistakably sincere, will have its influence on many orders of the poetical, as on numbers who are not, there can be no doubt; for the "most musical, most melancholy," will always have its charm. But the most sombre, solitary, world-shunning muse that ever wept day and night over the earth because graves must be dug in it, may easily recollect that a churchyard is not a parish, and that gardens, besides being more poetical than moors, are also more plentiful in this civilized world, wherein we all have our being.

Besides, the young muse, whose sad, melodious chime we are now in sympathy commending to the ear of the reader, sad as she is, is always happiest and most influential when singing, in a lively, ardent key, of the affections which inspire her. There is a feeling of filial piety, rising to rapture in some of the expressions, that touches the heart, and prompts the wish that the future essay of the "poetess" should be of a simple and domestic character, worked out in a story.

The character of Frances Brown's poetry, the quality of her mind, the nature of her pretensions to be heard—above all, the peculiarities of her personal and social condition, and the circumstances under which she grew, from blind infancy into the capacity to see all the universe at a glance, as the poet's eye can do—these are so utterly opposed to every association which the experienced reader must have of such ordinary and inauspicious-looking stories as "*Stars of Attéghéi*," that it would be quite impossible for him to guess who Frances Brown may be. We can tell him at once: that she is a writer of no common powers, of extremely uncommon experiences; and a poet little short, in her own personal history, of a personified romance.

There is enough in this volume to interest us, without hearing a syllable of the author of it; still the reader must learn some particulars which cannot but

move him. Miss Brown is the daughter of a post-master in an Irish village, where (county Donegal) she was born in the year 1816. When quite an infant, she lost her sight by the small-pox. She never received any regular education; but at seven years old, heard a presbyterian sermon, the unintelligible words in which set her thinking. From that time, she inquired the meaning of words new to her, treasured them in her memory, overheard her young brothers repeating their lessons, and, saying the same after them, often learned the task before they did. Then she managed to borrow a book or two, and afterwards a few more—"Robinson Crusoe," and the "Heart of Mid-Lothian," amongst them—and these, when read to her, made an unfading impression. Well they might; for her practice was to lie awake in the silence of the night, and repeat them all over to herself. From these, she got, through a series of impediments that must have been fatal to most efforts, to an acquaintance with the "Universal History," outlines of geography, translations of some of the classics, and, at length, to a degree of general knowledge and acquirement absolutely astonishing in one so environed with difficulty.

At last, verse-writing began; but the "Iliad," and "Childe Harold," created, successively, such ideas of the grandeur of poetry, that verse-burning followed; and it was not until long afterwards, when, by the course of accident, a chance spark seems to have re-lit the extinguished flame, that the products of her fine and fertile mind, embodied in the poetry before us, were cultivated and wrought out. Some pieces within these two or three years were sent to the "Irish Penny Journal," and the "Athenæum;" hence, encouragement, curiosity, and happier exertion. For the history thus outlined, related by herself with a simplicity that exhibits accuracy of statement and frankness of character in every line, we advise the reader to turn to the volume.

There, too, he will find many pieces, which ask not the slightest indulgence of the critical reader, on account of loss of sight, or want of advantages in other respects. He may leave all these obstacles quite unconsidered, and yet find no defect that is not either lost or lessened in the shining light of a neighbouring beauty. But, on the other hand, when the condition of the author is remembered—her blindness from early infancy, and her knowledge of books gained without having ever seen the alphabet of her language—the stores of knowledge she has acquired greatly exalt her in estimation; while in her advances towards the grand elevations, and into the deep and lovely recesses of poetry, we see the natural impulses of a being who, in the phrase which she says is common in her country, writes "for the love of the thing."

We cannot analyze this volume, or specify favourites, except so far as to state a decided preference for the shorter pieces over the principal poem, which, nevertheless, abounds in terse, graceful, and vigorous passages. But many of her verses have moved us, by their powerful emotion and thoughtful beauty; and her character, so far as these tokens of feeling and intellect illustrate it, wins, in an eminent degree, our interest and respect.

In the essay which introduces the selections from the most imaginative and fanciful of our poets, Leigh Hunt has ventured to answer the question "What is poetry?" We are told, on grave authority, that to define madness, is to be nothing else but mad; so to define poetry, should be nothing else but poetical; yet—although the admirable definition, now for the first time given, is indeed poetical in one sense, and that in a high degree—yet is it in another sense "eminently mathematical"—exact, formal, and logical, as a schoolman who is no poet at all could desire.

Poetry is shewn to be "the utterance of a passion for truth, beauty, and power;" "whose means are, whatever the universe contains, and whose ends, pleasure and exaltation." In developing this principle, the expositor proceeds, by the nicest and closest steps, to his conclusion, drawing proof out of proof, and joining link to link, in a chain-like glass, so bright and clear is the continuous argument. In the end, we accept the answer as final, and admit that the exposition has made that lucid, intelligible, and demonstrative to the judgment, which had only been previously familiar, in an indefinite form, to feeling and speculation.

If no author have secured to himself a better right to pronounce upon such a subject than Leigh Hunt, none we are sure could have spoken regarding it with a happier union of delicacy in language and force in reasoning. The entire illustration consists of harmonious sentences, equally exact in structure, and beautiful in sound; and rarely indeed do we discern, in the same writing, so rich and elegant a flow, with such remarkable precision. Largely as admiration has recognised the felicitous passages of Hunt's prose writings, it can scarcely have lit before on so marked a combination of simplicity and power, as we find in the opening pages of the essay.

As it advances, the poets come to his aid, and he answers the question, "What is poetry?" by sprinkling freely the brightest drops caught from the perpetual fountains of imagination and fancy. Homer and Dante, Chaucer and Spenser, Milton and Shakspeare, Dryden and Coleridge, are cited to prove what poetry is; whilst, in smaller compass, out of the pages of the ungifted, or the half-gifted, he proves, with exquisite humour and consummate art, what it is not!

The selections are necessarily from authors about whom Leigh Hunt has written frequently before, in essays and criticisms innumerable. He is not likely to have brought any new views of Milton or Ariosto to startle the unsuspecting reader; nor does he profess to have found out a hitherto undiscovered faculty in the all-accomplished Shakspeare. Yet the very freshness of youth, and a novel earnestness and sense of enjoyment in the feast of nectared sweets spread continuously before us, pervades the commentary to the last page; and the critical notes on the great masters—the profound and graceful strictures—the sustained, but guarded enthusiasm, tracing and contrasting their various grand qualities and degrees, as illustrators of imagination and fancy—manifest such a spring and vivacity, as denote the unabated working of a "first love," speaking not in eager rapturous lisps, but in matured and full-voiced contemplation.

The authors, of whom we have excellent critical notices, with selections from their divinest stores of imaginative and fanciful beauty, are Spenser, Marlowe, Shakspeare, Ben Jonson, Beaumont and Fletcher, Middleton, Decker, Webster, Milton, Coleridge, Shelley, and Keats. The passages from their writings are partly printed in italic; they are marked, that is to say, at points of paramount beauty, and lines of peculiar emphasis, whether for music or meaning, but in most instances, for both, as such passages have been marked in the contributions to our own pages. The volume therefore shews "what sort of poetry is to be considered as poetry of the most poetical kind."

To any, then, who may love the poetry of imagination and fancy, can we commend a daintier, a more delightful book? These markings of the lines most rare and rich, by a hand so accomplished by knowledge, and unerring in its taste on such especial points, must be highly useful indications and helps to many readers; to many more, they may offer agreeable confirmations of that impression of pre-eminent beauty which had already noted their superiority. And as for the lines that are not in italics, such delicacy, strength, and brilliancy are possessed by all the illustrative passages crowded into these pages, that the large-minded reader may as well mark them for himself, and crown the editorial work by a beautiful excess.

One point of novelty we notice, in connexion with the view herein taken of the masterly powers of Coleridge, of whose greatness, it would appear, our critic has acquired in recent years a deepened and enlarged perception. These portions of the work are among the most acceptable; but, truly, "Genevieve" almost put the marking principle at fault, for it claims to be all italic! As much as any work with which beneficent genius has ennobled and gladdened a grateful world, does that verse claim to be received as "entire and perfect chrysolite."

A pleasant intimation is held out—its value to ourselves will depend partly on the reception of the present offering. Should this be accepted, Leigh Hunt proposes corresponding volumes, to consist of the Poetry of Action and Passion, the Poetry of Contemplation, the Poetry of Wit and Humour, and the Poetry of Song! All honey, yet ever uncloying!

A TRIAD OF SONNETS

ON WILSON'S PICTURE OF "SOLITUDE."

BY EDMUND OLLIER.

[LEIGH HUNT observes, in the work we have been discussing, that poetry includes, amongst other things, "whatsoever of painting can be made visible to the mind's eye," but that it far surpasses that divine art "in suggestiveness, range, and intellectual wealth." In the following sonnets with which we have been favoured, an early and graceful effort is made to pay, in the true spirit of poetry, homage to painting. "Poetry loves, and is proud of painting," says the critic. The young poet has anticipated the sentiment, by the ardour of his feeling and the purity of his taste. These sonnets are stamped with an excellence, which is to be valued the more for the rich promise growing and blossoming out of it—a promise, or, we should rather say, an assurance of future honour to the youthful inheritor of a name, which has long since, by his father's contributions and services to literature, won distinction.]

I.

A LITTLE dell of leaves, shut-in and still ;
 Primeval, dim, o'ergrown with grass and weeds,
 Which year by year increase ; where often feeds
 The slimy snail, taking his damp, rank fill :—
 Close by, a stream, with listless waters chill,
 Hides, darkling, 'neath an old low arch, that breeds
 Within its crumbling joints, from self-sown seeds,
 Wild ivy plants dipping into the rill.

In such a place as this, which seems as though
 It had not alter'd since the world was made,
 (So moveless are all things within the shade,)
 Great Petrarch oft saw Laura's beauties glow,
 And made immortal love in ecstasy
 Amidst the silence 'neath the laurel tree.

II.

'Tis a fit nook for meditative men :—
 A region of neglect, o'erhung with gloom,
 Yet nursing in its shadow many a bloom
 Worthy of gardens to be denizen.
 A pillar'd grotto once was in this glen,
 And sculptures strange ; but see how hungry Doom
 Hath gnawn them half away ; and, o'er them, loom
 Thick willow boughs, arch'd like a dusky den.

Tread piously ! No God-outstaring crime
 May ever in this tranquil spot alight :
 The aged trees look fatherly ; and the bright
 Deep sapphire sky bends over them sublime,
 And seems to say in its mute language clear,—
 "Come, see the wealth of leaves forgotten here !"

III.

Arches, and towers, and sylvan palaces,
 And fretted domes, upon whose summits hung
 Low clouds ; and column'd avenues, which rung
 With idle feet in long-past centuries,—
 All—all are gone, like vagrant summer breeze.—
 In ancient times, fierce Pagan hymns were sung
 Within this grove ; and censers were upswung
 In sacrificial rites, beside these very trees.

How different now ! The doctrine, calm and bright,
 Of Christ, hath scared that darkness quite away ;
 For see, far off, under a cirque of leaves,
 White convent walls stand like a smile of light,
 And cowl'd monks with reverence obey
 The laws of Him who mankind's doom reprieves.

PROMETHEUS VINCTUS.

ONE OF MR. WEBSTER'S REJECTED COMEDIES.

BY VISCOUNT MAIDSTONE.

[The fact of this Comedy having been constructed upon the ancient Greek model—with which, probably, few of Mr. Webster's judges were acquainted—may partly account for its rejection.]

PROMETHEUS..... A Traverser.
 FORCE } Turnkeys.
 CONSTRAINT }
 VULCAN Governor of the Richmond Penitentiary.
 OCEANUS..... Mayor of Cork.
 CHORUS Of Fishwives.
 MESSENGERS..... First, Second, Third, and Fourth.

SCENE I.—*A Tent in the Garden of the Richmond Penitentiary. PROMETHEUS discovered polishing a Repeal Button with his coat-sleeve.*

PROM. Well! Here I'm fast, if Wylde can't get me out—
 And getting plaguy pale, and dreadful stout.
 Bother that Smith—I thought 'twas all "my eye;"
 But since you're in, Prometheus, don't say die!
(Bangs himself on the chest, by way of encouragement.)
 In history you'll make a perfect figure,
 As sure as royal Sheba was a nigger.
 The Rent's progressing, too; and Joinville may
 Be batt'ring the Sassenach any day.
 He's a raal tar—that boy! But now, let's see,
 What Ireland sends her Martyr'd Son—that's me!
(Winks at the pit, and pulls out a list, which he peruses with the aid of spectacles.)

A haunch of venison, nine Westphalia hams,
 And sixteen pots of marmalade, and jams;
 Six pair of worsted socks, twelve ditto, cotton;
 Six dozen mellow pears—the divil! rotten—
 Rotten, they mane; a green silk morning gown,
 And an Address, from Ladies of the Town
 Of Dublin, with a mighty aysy chair.

Enter FIRST MESSENGER.

Me lard, they've jist elected ye—Lard Mayor.

SECOND MESSENGER.

Me lard, a Deputation from the Bake-
 ers of Dublin, with a monstrous cake.

THIRD MESSENGER.

Me lard, a Deputation from the Liffey's
 Fishermen, with salmons, and good wishes.

FOURTH MESSENGER.

Me lard, a couple of old women——

PROM. Hold!
 Henceforth, let elderlings be not so bold;
 We like 'em young and plummy.
(Old ladies aside.)
 Divil doubt ye;
 But young and plummy ones can do without ye.
(Exeunt old ladies in a huff.)

Enter CHORUS, bringing in a sturgeon.

Ocean's chiefest strong-box we—
Rifling with our net the key—
Plunder'd have ; and hasten now,
With the sea-weed on our brow,
Heralding a royal prize
To Prometheus' longing eyes.

From the greenest ocean deeps,
Where the rolling porpoise sleeps—
Where the sulky turbot grows—
Where the snoring walrus blows,
He had wander'd ; but we caught him,
And, like winkin', here have brought him.

Dublin haddocks are no food
For Prometheus, great and good !
No pal-doodie,* ever yet,
Worthy was of Ireland's Pet !
Sturgeon, sturgeon, suits his naythur,
With a trifle of the craythur.

PROM. I thank ye, ladies. Will ye take a drink ?
Be dads ! I told ye ye were thirsty ; think,
How beautiful is whisky on the sly,
When Timperance and Mathew are not by !
The more by token, when I took the pledge,
I kiss'd no book, but jist me thumb-nail's edge.
Ye've brought a most uncommon splendid baste—
Royal, they say ! The compliment's good taste.
And now, I'll tell ye. If I hadn't spent,
Within two hundred of my next month's Rent,
I'd make your fortins, dears !

(Kisses his hand to ladies, who retire.)

Bye, bye—be off,

And tell your friends, I'm aysier of me cough.

SCENE II.—*Enter OCEANUS, Mayor of Cork.*

OCEANUS. Och ! tear and ages—what a jaunting car
The divils gave me. Faith, I'll not be far
From broken-back'd to-morrow ; for a tizzy,
I'll never stick, but hire a wizzy-wizzy,†
And rumble back again to Cork in state.

PROM. Mornin', Oceanus. Ye'll take a sate
After your journey, and a drop of thim
Raal Irish sperets ?

(Hands him the whisky-bottle.)

OCEANUS, *(politely.)* Will a duck, sir, swim ?

(Oceanus drinks.)

Enter CHORUS.

They bid us cringe to Saxon yoke,
And bow to Saxon laws ;
They bid us speak, as cowards spoke,
Who betray'd the cause.
The cause Fitzgerald sigh'd for,
The cause that Emmett died for,
That the lover left the bride for,

* Pal-doodie, an excellent Irish oyster.

† Wizzy-wizzy—vis-à-vis.

By a cold hearth stone ;
The sacred cause of Ninety-eight,
That arm'd the humble and the great,
And, failing, left us desolate,
Cheerless, and lone !

But we'll not do 't—we'll not do 't,
Though all the world combine ;
Chains cannot bind the patriot mind,
And Ireland, dear, 'tis thine !
On Tara's Hill we'll muster still,
In spite of all their bands ;
And at Clontarf, yon grinning calf,
With oak-staves in our hands,
Prometheus shall lead us,
No longer in vain.
He freed us—he freed us,
We'll free him again.
Och, honey ! won't we ?

OCEANUS. Will ye jist be aysy ;
Ye're fit to drive the Liberator crazy.
Be off, this minute, or else stow your talk,
And let me rade him an Address from Cork.
(OCEANUS reads the Address.)
To the much persecuted, admired, illustrious,
Periwig-pated, and robustious ;
Friend, Father, Agitator, Rent-collector,
The Poor Man's Guardian, Banker, and Protector,
The Mayor and Corporation of Cork city,
Greeting. That you're a prisoner, more's the pity !

CHORUS interrupting,

Hurroo—hurroo !
A fig for you,
Mayor of Cork ! Mayor of Cork !
If you're grumpy,
Stupid humpy,
Pray you walk—pray you walk !
For Cork is a broth of a city,
As ever you'd see upon land ;
And the mayor, for a bumpkin, is witty,
And sits, when he's too drunk to stand.

PROM. Ladies, behave yourselves ; I'm quite ashamed
To hear such little imperfections named.
The mayor's a true Repaler ; and is sent
To sooth my feelings, and increase my Rent.
Judge then, if patriotic wonder struck me dumb,
To hear ye spake, before he'd named the sum.

CHORUS.

We bow to thy decision,
Most beautiful—most strong ;
And crave thy high permission,
To own that we are wrong.
For thou art he, must make us free,
Though Britain thunder, "No ;"
And Erin's steed, at fullest speed,

Rushing to battle—
 In the spirit-stirring cause
 Of religion, rights, and laws—
 Must stop, when thou say'st, "Woh!"
 Though shots round him rattle,
 And before him stands the foe.

*Enter VULCAN in a great hurry, attended by FORCE and CONSTRAINT,
 his turnkeys.*

VULCAN. Me lard, you're out. The five law lards have told
 The other lards, that Smith has miss'd his hold
 Of ye, this time.

PROM. Kind Vulcan, say you so!
 Oceanus, your hand. My boy, d'ye know,
 I'm lawyer still enough for nine such fellows.

OCEANUS, (*listening.*) Hark! How the joyful population bellows.

PROM. (*with much vivacity.*) Send for my car. Bid Smith O'Brien
 come:

Blow every trumpet, and beat every drum!

Exeunt omnes, with the exception of CHORUS, who chant as follows;

CHORUS.

He is out—he is out!
 Come, pass the glass about,
 And send for the Liberator's chair.
 For, let what will hap, hap;
 In his Liberator's cap
 And button—he must take the air—
 And button—he must take the air!

Oh, Father Tom Maguire,
 Is it jist as ye desire?
 Umbrellas to the left—in a row;
 And the jaunting cars so grand,
 In line, as if on stand;
 And us, singing—Bloody end to the Saxon, oh!
 And us, singing—Bloody end to the Saxon, oh!

And is it to your mind,
 With the breechless boys behind,
 And the mayor and corporation in the front?
 All—hip, hip, hip, hoor-a-a-a-ing,
 Like Balaam's ass, a-braying;
 And detarmined any sodger to confront—
 And detarmined any sodger to confront!

Oh, isn't it a sight,
 To turn a black eye white!
 To say him winkin' round to the Boys,
 While Erin's harpers strumming,
 As the Liberator's coming,
 And delighting all our echoes with his noise—
 And delighting all our echoes with his noise!

Then, hoorrah, for Denman's law!
 And three cheers for Campbell's jaw,
 And our compliments to Lyndhurst and Brougham;
 But let 'em keep away,
 On the Saxon side the say,
 Or their friends will be better of their room—
 Or their friends will be better of their room!

ABRAHAM'S FATHERLAND.

BY W. FRANCIS AINSWORTH.

[WE have much pleasure in citing the following just tribute to Mr. Francis Ainsworth's deserts from a notice of his "*Travels in the Track of the Ten Thousand Greeks*," contained in a recent Number of the *Literary Gazette*. The appeal should not be made in vain. As one of the most intelligent and enterprising officers connected with the Euphrates Expedition, and as its historian, Mr. Francis Ainsworth has the highest claims for compensation of his labours, and we trust they will no longer remain unconsidered. All the other officers have been rewarded. He is the only one overlooked.—W. H. A.]

"Having thus cursorily noticed a small volume, but of sterling historical value, and great geographical importance—a volume not merely of book-research and learning, but distinguished for personal enterprise and eminent talent, we could wish to say a few words of its author, whose name, Francis Ainsworth, will be in all time to come associated, as his most complete elucidator, with that of Xenophon. We have often, as was the bounden duty of a journal like ours, raised our voice in appeal against the neglect of literary men, our known and valued contemporaries. Among the number to whom we could point, we must consider Mr. Francis Ainsworth to be a striking example. One of the foremost in the country courageously and successfully to throw himself into the midst of its dangers, and grapple with the appalling cholera when it first shewed itself in England, and since then the writer of scientific works of high ability,—the explorer of the Euphrates and Tigris, and the fearless traveller in Kurdistan,—bringing forward (as in the present case) the masses of novel information which his skill, intelligence, and bravery accumulated, to enlighten the public,—whilst almost every individual of his deserving companions, in only portions of those labours and perils, have enjoyed some honour and reward in the national services to which they belonged,—Mr. Francis Ainsworth has not had a single acknowledgment or mark of favour from any quarter bestowed upon him for achievements which redound to the credit of his age and native land. Out of the ordinary line of naval, military, or civil promotion, it seems never to have occurred to the dispensers of the 'good things,' that such a person, for such deeds, deserved to be selected from the herd, and have his worth appreciated. 'Tis long deferred, but we hope not too late!"—*Literary Gazette*, Nov. 9.

First patriarchal city, "Ur of the Chaldees."—Legends concerning Abraham.—His birthplace; where he was put into the fire; his tomb.—Second patriarchal city, Haran, or Carrhæ.—Third patriarchal city, Nahor.—Fourth patriarchal city, Serug, or Batnæ.

THE day of our return from Taurus, Colonel Chesney gave me the option to accompany another expedition into Mesopotamia. This was composed of Captain Lynch, his brother Lieutenant Lynch, Lieutenant Eden, a Kawass, and servant; and I eagerly embraced the opportunity of further wanderings in these interesting countries.

What between the time lost at starting, and the delay experienced at being ferried over the river, at Bireh-jik, we did not get further the first day than the village of Kaffer Beg, on the slope of the hills which close up the bed of the river to the northwards of that town. The next day we carried on the survey past the so-called Castle of Rum, but on the left bank of the river, so that I had an opportunity of satisfying myself by this and the previous journey along the right bank, of two points:—1st, That there were no remains of a bridge between Bireh-jik and Rum-Kal'eh; and 2ndly, That there were no traces of town or village on the opposite bank of the last-mentioned castle, which there must have been, had this been, as advanced by so many, the site of the Zeugma of Euphratensis. There is only one statement that I can find, which would lead to such a supposition, and that is made by Pliny, who gives a distance of three Roman miles from Samosata to the river Cappadox (Gok Su), twenty-three from thence to Arulis, and twenty-four to Zeugma; but the same not always careful recorder of distances, gives elsewhere (v., cap. 24) seventy-two Roman miles as the distance of Zeugma from Samosata. Rum-Kal'eh is a comparatively modern building, and its existence does not appear to be noticed by the older geographers—while it would be easy to prove, by a multitude of facts, that the city of Apamea, and the castle of Seleucia, in which Tigranes caused Cleopatra, surnamed Selene (moon), to perish (seventy years B.C.), and which Pliny and others place opposite to Zeugma, but Strabo opposite to Samosata—were the Macedonian names of Bireh, or Birtha, "the embattled citadel," and of the castle attached to that city, and ever celebrated from remote antiquity to the time of the Crusades. Ptolemy, in his enumeration of sites along Upper Euphrates, has no notice of such places as Apamea or Seleucia—names which had but a temporary existence, derived as they were from the same vanity which, for a time, covered Anterior Asia with its Antiochs, its Seleucias, Apameas, and Laodiceas.

At Rum-Kal'eh, the river is pent up between perpendicular cliffs, and the road becomes more difficult; but some distance beyond, we came to a spot where the precipices retreated a little from the river, gaining at the same time in height, and where a town, somewhat to our surprise, presented itself, built upon the face of the cliff—half caverns, half artificial fronts, rising in successive ledges, tier above tier; and what was equally curious, with a narrow way, just feasible for horses, carried up in a zig-zag manner from one ledge to another, till the summit of the cliff was reached.

Though we can, perhaps, imagine none but rock-pigeons living in mossy caves, this is no more than a defect in our western knowledge.

It is no difficulty in the East where, to this day, the rock-dwelling is a familiar part of the economy of the people; and the idea of such is so interwoven into the imagery of Scripture, as almost to become a special feature in its language.

In the present instance they were tenanted, as is most frequently the case, by Christians—Armenians by birth; and the actual name of the place, Aïanha, attested at once to its antiquity, being apparently the same as the Aniana of Ptolemy, which he places near Porsica, and the site of which I recognised on another journey, at the neighbouring Yailash.

After traversing this troglodytic town, to the no small amusement of its secluded inhabitants, we took a south-easterly, or nearly retrograde direction across the plain, for a distance of only a few miles, to an Armenian village, bearing the same name, although sometimes distinguished as Dibbin. There were extensive vineyards around this otherwise stony spot; and its inhabitants supplied Port William with wine, so that our reception was most hospitable. Ruins of an old Christian church, and many other fragments of antiquity were met with around this place; where were also those curious pear-shaped cavities, the entrance to which is blocked up by a single large stone, and which Xenophon notices as reservoirs for wine in former times; but they do not appear to have been ever used for such purposes since the spread of Islamism.

The following day, we travelled to a village called Narsis, close by which was an artificial tel, or mound; and up an adjacent valley, watered by a small rivulet, were some cliffs, with excavated grottoes, both rock dwellings and sepulchral. This was, evidently, also a site of antiquity, and its name recalls that of several Armenian kings of note.

On this day's journey, while passing under some rocks, which overhung the river, so as to force us into its stream, Eden's sword fell out of its scabbard, and the waters were so deep, and the current so rapid, that we could not recover it. The present inhabitants of Narsis were Kurds, of quiet and hospitable manners.

Beyond this, we got into more open country, passing an occasional market-place, called Eïdle Bazar, where was a ferry on the river, leading, probably, to the site of Urema, an episcopacy of the middle ages, situate, according to Cellarius, between Samosata and the junction of the Singa River, called by its Macedonian name of Marsyas by Pliny. A little above this, a mass of, shingly rock rose up at a bend of the river to a height of about a thousand feet, after which another curve led by a holy tomb, called Jemjemé, to Kantarah, a poor village of Kurds, opposite to Someïsat. After taking up our quarters at this place, we were ferried over to the exhibition of Turk poverty and decay, which now characterizes the once proud capital of the kings of Commagena.

We had a rather long interview with the governor, to whom Lynch presented a pair of pistols, and who, in return, was uncommonly obsequious; and we then walked through the town, which contains about four hundred houses of Kurds and Turkomans, with a scattering of Osmanli officials, and a few Armenian tradesmen, to the great mound, on which, probably, once stood the acropolis of the kings, and which is still crowned by the remains of ruined walls. This, indeed, with a few

marble fragments of columns, hewn stones, &c., to be met with here and there, and traces of the great aqueduct, by which the luxurious citizens, or a monarch's whim, brought the cold waters of the river of Claudias (Kakhtah), a distance of ten miles by the side of the less esteemed Euphrates, are all that remain to attest the existence of this once renowned city.

Pompous marriages, not always happy in their results, were celebrated at this spot, to unite, by more intimate alliances, countries ever alternating between wars and intrigues, which the power and genius of Pompey failed to find a solution to. As a Christian episcopacy, Samosata also became a hot bed of innovations, denounced as heretical by a jealous supremacy; but learning must have flourished even under such adverse circumstances, for it not only boasts of Lucian and Paul of Samosata among its illustrious names, but, according to Armenian tradition, it was here that Saint Mesrop obtained, by incessant prayer, the gift of the Armenian letters, and this so late as A.D. 406; it is a pity, for the steady progress of civilization, that they did not at such a time adopt the Latin alphabet.

Samosata lies in a beautiful open valley of the Euphrates, has a delightful climate, and a fertile soil, with abundance of water, and, therefore, with unlimited resources for a civilized people, and a good government. The passage at this place was distinguished, in ancient times, as the Zeugma of Commagena, and the Antonine and Theodosian tables have several roads leading to it. We corrected, on this occasion, a great error, still extant in all maps and geographies, and derived from mis-statements of the ancients, that it is at this point that the river Euphrates, after having had hitherto always a south-westerly course, assumes a south-easterly one—the fact is, that it flows onwards towards the Mediterranean, till it arrives at Rum-Kal'eh, where it takes its south-easterly bend, and from which curve, Mela was led to say, "*Ni obstet Taurus in nostra Maria venturus.*"

It had gone abroad that a Hakim was of the party, and on our return to Kantarah, a native came, and without saying a word, threw himself full length at my feet. Upon raising him hastily, blushing to see humanity so prostrated, I found he was suffering under an inveterate leprosy, which left but little in my power to do for his relief.

A long ride of upwards of thirty miles across the ancient kingdom of Osrhoene, so called from Chosroes of Armenia, took us, in one day, from Samosata to Urfah, the ancient capital of the country. Advancing from the river's banks, the outline of country was at first tame, but it soon became broken up by volcanic ridges and cones, with deep intervening valleys, producing cereal grains, cotton, olives, and grapes; and these are succeeded, on approaching Urfah, by long lines of rock terraces and narrow valleys, which ultimately expand, to receive the city itself. On approaching the same, from the west, or from Bireh-jik, the country is more stony and naked, and the pathway difficult; but to the southward, the low, level plains of Mesopotamia extend from the foot of the hills, designated after the mighty hunter Nimrod, and from the gates of the town, to beyond the utmost boundaries of the visible horizon, giving to this ancient place a situation almost unequalled for splendour and magnificence.

Urfah, in its modern condition, has been carefully described by Mr.

Buckingham, who gives the length and breadth of the bazars, and a correct history of the contents thereof. It is a walled city, the circuit of its walls extending from two and a half to three miles; but the citadel, and many public buildings, including barracks and caravan-serais, besides suburbs and extensive gardens, are without the walls. The vast mezars, or burial-grounds, common to all Mohammedan towns, with their various tombs, from the humble pillar supporting a sculptured turban to the lofty but ruinous imam, are also on the outskirts, and are here backed by far-stretching rock terraces, dotted with innumerable sepulchral grottoes.

The castle, which defends and commands the city, is a noble ruin, occupying the whole of a rocky ridge, a quarter of a mile long. It is defended on one side by a ditch, a work of great labour, and on the other by the steepness of the ascent. The interior is a mass of disorderly ruin, out of which two Corinthian columns still rear their lofty shafts; and I would call the attention of future travellers to an old inscription on a detached block lying near to these pillars, and which I made a vain attempt to copy, on a subsequent visit to the same city, in 1840.

Urfah is celebrated for its abundant springs of water; one of these, which I did not visit, is some distance from the town, and presents, as was related to us, the peculiar phenomena of gushing out at intervals with a roaring noise. This fountain supplies the stream called Daisan by the Syrians, and Scirto by the Greeks, both alluding to its sudden rises, and which have been known to occasion great damages, as related by Assemanni, from Denys, patriarch of the Jacobites, and confirmed by Evagrius, and other writers of the middle ages.

The other springs, two or three in number, have their origin in the valley between the castle hill, and the rise upon which the town is built. These sources are surrounded by shady groves, amid which they form ponds, and part of the waters is carried off by artificial canals to a marble reservoir in front of the mosque of Abraham—one of the most graceful and elegant specimens of Saracenic architecture to be met with in the East.

It was from the beautiful position of these waters, that the Greeks gave to Urfah the frequent designation of Callirhoe; but it is very uncertain if this is the city of that name to whose *thermal* waters Herod is made to repair, according to Josephus, in the Arabian mountains, beyond the Jordan. Certain it is, however, that, on the occasion of my second visit, in 1840, I examined closely the temperature of these springs, and found them to be above what may be considered as the mean temperature of the place, and therefore slightly thermal. Indeed, they never freeze, although the frosts at Urfah are often severe, as they preserve, in the midst of winter, a temperature equal to 69½ Fahrenheit.

The sacred fish, which abound in these reservoirs—descendants, according to the traditions of the place, of the fish beloved by Abraham, but more probably a propagation of the ancient Syrian worship of the principle of fecundity—are not, it may be observed, carp, but barbel; nor are they fed upon *vegetables and leaves*, purchased for that purpose—at least, in the present day—but upon roast grains of maize, and other good things, sold upon the terrace of the reservoir. Buckingham estimates the number of fish at 20,000. It would be rather difficult to test the accuracy of such an estimate.

We did not fail, while at Urfah, to inquire concerning the tradition of our Saviour's correspondence with Abgar, and the transmission to that prince of a kerchief with the portrait of our Lord impressed upon it. We were shewn, at the Armenian Cathedral, after some demur, evidently occasioned by the fear of ridicule, a kerchief upon which our Saviour's face, according to the modern ideas of the divine countenance borrowed from Raphael, and by him from the apocryphal letter to Tiberius, was imprinted. They, however, merely stated this to be a copy of the original, which they said was lost in the miraculous spring before described. According to ecclesiastical tradition, however, the original was sold by the Saracens to the court of Constantinople for the sum of 12,000 pounds weight of silver, the redemption of two hundred Mussulman captives, and a perpetual truce for the territory of Urfah.

This Abgar, called Abgarus and Augarus by the Latins and Greeks, was the second of the dynasty, whose history has been illustrated by Bayer, in his work called "*Historia Osrhoena et Edessena ex nummis illustrata*," Petrop., 1734; but he does not notice the Armenian chronicles, as preserved by the Father Chamich, and which relate that the name is derived from Arag-ayr, "excellent in wisdom," and that the first prince of that name founded, in Mesopotamia, a city which was called Abgar-Shat.

The Abgar, who rebuilt and fortified Edessa, and who, according to the same chronicles, held correspondence with our Lord, and embraced Christianity, removed thither in A.D. 14; and it is therefore probable, that the first of the name—the same who drew Crassus into an unfavourable position before his defeat, and who is called Ariamnes by Plutarch—resided at Nisibin, or Abgar-Shat, and not at Edessa.

Eusebius says, in his "Ecclesiastical History," (i. 13,) that he found a letter, written by Abgarus to our Saviour, in a church at Edessa, and that he translated it from the Syriac. This letter is, however, believed to be spurious, although it does not appear why such an epistle may not have been written. The tradition of such a correspondence is believed by all the Oriental churches indiscriminately; and yet Bell, in his geography, treats it as a fiction—a devout lie—which, he adds, has received credit among some episcopalian protestants, as Addison, and others, as if the amount of credulity among such was greater than amongst those whose boasted anagram is *best in prayer*.

The peculiarity of the position of Edessa, (the name which it received from the Macedonians, albeit the vanity of one gave to it, for a short time, that of Antiochea,) upon the dangerous verge of two long contending empires, has been so distinctly felt, and so ably expressed by Gibbon, as to leave us nothing to add thereunto. The last of the Abgars was sent in chains to Rome, by Caracalla; but the walls of their princely city witnessed his avengement, in the overthrow and capture of a Cæsar, in the person of Valerian, by the first Shapur. In the time of Heraclius, it was reduced by the Saracens, under Izedi. After it became a principality under the Crusaders, it was captured by Nur-ed-din, ata beg of Mosul; and I have seen two pieces of ordnance at the citadel of that city, which belonged to the Christian counts of Edessa. Thirty-eight years afterwards, it was again reduced by the victorious Saleh-ed-din. This unfortunate city was also devastated

by the Moguls, under Hulagu, and by the Tatars, under Teimur. It passed under the dominion of the Osmanlis in the reign of Selim I.

During the middle ages, it attained high eminence as a seat of ecclesiastical learning and power. If not the actual residence of Saint James the Apostle, the patron saint of the place, it was certainly that of James Baradaeus, the founder of the Syrian Monophysite or Jacobite heresy, and who is said to have ordained the enormous number of 80,000 bishops, priests, and deacons. It was, also, the stronghold of Nestorius, in the time of his persecution; and it was from hence that Abraham, afterwards Bishop of Beth Raban, went forth to spread the Nestorian doctrine throughout the East. Many, however, suffered martyrdom in the same city; among whom was Adæus, sent thither by Saint Thomas.

But we wish to allude more particularly to the traditions connected with Urfah in relation to the patriarch Abraham, in order, as will be easily done, to take them from that latitudinarianism which has led the father of Isaac to be regarded as the mere representative of the patriarchal principle.

The first of these is the tradition which has consecrated, throughout all times, Urfah as the birth-place of the patriarch. It is identified with its Syrian name, Urhoi, and its actual name Urfah, and which was the "Ur of the Chaldees," where we know from holy writ that Terah dwelt, and Abraham's brother, Haran, was born. There is no variation in the universality of this tradition; and the identity of Urfah and Ur is supported by the authority of Mohammedan writers.

Many, however, following Eupolemus, as quoted by Eusebius, identify the Ur of the Chaldees with Urchoe in Babylonian Chaldea, which is opposed to scriptural authority, which places Ur in Mesopotamia, and from which latter place the promised land does not lie in the direction which the same Scriptures describe the patriarch as following, in his migration from his fatherland to the land of Canaan. This Ur in Babylonian Chaldea, now Mugeïyer, although not the Ur of Genesis, appears to be that mentioned by Isaiah, when he says, "Behold the land of the Chaldeans; this people was not, till the Assyrian founded it for them that dwelt in the wilderness."

The learned Bochart, also, unfortunately confounded the Ur of the Chaldees with Atra, now Al Hadhr, which is called by Ammianus, "Ur, the castle of the Persians," and by him only, having, itself, neither traditions nor monuments of Assyrian times connected with it. These two erroneous deductions have created much confusion in Biblical geography, as also in Historical descriptions concerning the origin of the Chaldees.

The next remarkable tradition is that which relates that Nimrod ordered Abraham to be thrown into a fiery furnace at this place, for his refusal to worship fire; and the flame of which furnace was so intense, that the famous Manjanik, or Mangonel, was, according to the Orientals, first used on this occasion.

This tradition is not, however, peculiar to Urfah; it is attached to the Birs Nimrod, where the Arabs say the event took place; and by the Persians and Kurds, to the mound of Manjanik, in Luristan, as well, also, to Tashun, (the name of which is derived from Atash, fire,) in the same country.

It will remind the reader, in some of its particulars, of the "burn-

ing fiery furnace," into which Nebuchadnezzar cast the three Jews; but it belongs, in reality, to a more remote antiquity, and is connected with the "Ur," or fire, of the Chaldees; for Colonel Rawlinson truly remarks, that the fire worshippers of the East all refer the institutions of their religion to this legend of Nimrod and the patriarch.

It has been frequently proposed to read Ur in the acceptation of "country," but the Jewish rabbins are unanimous in translating the word as fire, or light, and it is the version given in the Vulgate.* It would appear, thus, simply to refer to the spot where the primordial fire of the Chaldeans burnt, and which was in all times distinguished from the "Ur," or fire temple, of the Persians at Atra, by its designation of Ur of the Chaldees, and which same fire was transferred to the mound of Urchoe during the Chaldæo-Babylonian empire.†

There is every reason, from the study of antiquity, to believe that the original creed of the Chaldeans was that propagated with various modifications by the Sabæans and Persians. Their god Oannes, the Hermes of mythology, sprang, according to Berosus, from the sun; and light was regarded as the eternal substance itself, until the learned Magians of the Babylonian Ur gave a body and form to the primordial worship.

It is not impossible that Abraham, to whom the knowledge of one God was divinely vouchsafed, underwent persecutions in his own country, from his disregard to the received divinity, previous to his migration to the promised land. All Oriental traditions refer to something of the kind; and it is even related, that he was imprisoned in the city of Accad; but this tradition of his *auto-da-fé* can have no further foundation in truth than his connexion with "Ur of the Chaldees." And it will be observed, that the term Manjanik may have been derived from the Greek "Manganicon," a military engine; but the use of the Mangonel was not known to the Orientals till the time of the Crusades, so that this is a very modern addition to the original legend.

Whether the Chaldeans were descendants of Cush, or of Arphaxad, as advocated by some, or of Chased, (who was not born at the time of Abraham's dwelling at "Ur,") as advocated by others, does not affect these considerations; nor do the various discussions as to their nomadic existence in countries to the northwards; it is sufficient for our purpose, that Ur is first noticed in Holy Writ in the time of Terah, the father of Abraham, and in connexion with the patriarch and his brethren; and the distinction established between the Ur of the Chaldees and the Ur of Babylonia, facilitates a far greater extent of Biblical inquiry than is connected with the origin of the Chaldees as a people anterior to the Chaldæo-Babylonian empire.

The third tradition is that which points out a recent Mohammedan tomb as the sepulture of Abraham, at Urfah. This would be scarcely worthy of notice, except as having, perchance, originated from the

* Isaiah, xxiv, 15, where the word Ur occurs in the Hebrew, is translated by Bochart *in vallibus celebrate Dominum*; but in the Vulgate, "In the fires."

† Julian notices Edessa as sacred from time immemorial to the sun; and where, in company with the orb of day, were worshipped Momimum and 'Azizum, whom Jamblicus, as quoted by the emperor, identifies, the one with Mercury and the other with Mars. We have still, in the present day, the hills called Abd el 'Aziz, "the Exalted," in the same neighbourhood.

interment here of his brother Haran, who died at this city, which was the place of his nativity.

It was a bright and beautiful morning, when we started across the plains of Mesopotamia towards the ruins of Haran, the great city of the Sabæans, little less distinguished than Edessa itself. The mirage was playing all kinds of fantastic tricks, not allowing us to distinguish a thing even at a few miles distance, covering the land with a sheet of brilliant water, and converting every object, even the smallest stone or bush, into some gigantic or strange creation, and magnifying a mere hut into a vast castle, with "cloud-capped towers" in the strictest sense of the words.

The plain was fertile, but little cultivated, and irrigated by numerous meandering streams, derived from the rivulet of Urfah, and the river of Jalab (Kalaba), and which, with other streams descending from the Nimrod hills, unite to form the Bilecha, the "Royal River" of Strabo, often called after the city whose walls it washes, the river of Haran, or of Carrhæ, but with various orthography, especially among the Byzantine writers.*

On reaching the site of Haran, we found that this renowned city occupied a slight rocky eminence on the plain; that the walls still remained, as well also as an extensive castle of Mohammedan times; and within the precincts, the traces or foundations of many large buildings were still evident. We set to work immediately, as this was a first European visit, making admeasurements for a plan of the place, and more especially of an extensive ruin, which we all judged to be that of a temple; but the extraordinary mirage which had prevailed all the morning, was succeeded by a hurricane of wind, which raised the dust in such a dense cloud as to produce great confusion, and render our task one of no ordinary difficulty; and we were, ultimately, obliged to repair to the shelter of the castle, which we found tenanted by some poor Arabs. The only sculpture we met with was that of a lion, rudely executed, lying outside the walls, and we found no inscriptions.

Buckingham makes a strange mistake in placing Haran two days' journey from Urfah; its towers and castle are visible from the citadel walls of that city, from which it is only a ride of four or five hours, for the abundant waters render the road devious. Benjamin of Tudela notices it as two days' journey from Dakia, by which he means Rakka, and not Antiochea.

There can be little doubt from the preservation of name—from the position in Mesopotamia, and from its neighbourhood to Ur—that the city was named after Abraham's brother, and is the same as that to which the patriarch and his father repaired from the last-named city. There are few dissenting voices to this conclusion, except from those who do not admit the first identification, to which in fact the existence of Haran lends a corroborative testimony. The orientals have no demur in the question. Yakut, in his great Lexicon, under the head Harrán, says, that the first founder of this famous city, is supposed to have been Rán, the brother of the patriarch Abraham; and he is said, in memory thereof, to have imposed his name upon it.

Bochart thinks that it is also the city, called Nahor, in Holy Writ, and whither the patriarch's servant went in search of Rebekah; but it

* Stephanus of Byzantium calls it Cyrus.

is not likely that in the Pentateuch, and during the lifetime of one individual, we should have the same place referred to under two different names. Nahor was a third city of the patriarchs in Mesopotamia, which remains to be discovered.

It is a curious thing that the same learned author also confounds the Haran of Mesopotamia with the city of the same name in Media, and which was the Charran of Tobit, the Aïreyana ("the pure") of the Zend-Avesta, and, according to Rawlinson, the Ecbatana of Atropatene; while the latter learned traveller confounds the Harrán of Yakut with the Median city. It seems most probable, that when Mes'udi notices, among the fire-temples anterior to Zoroaster, one at the city of Shiz, and another at Arran, that the Median Ar-ran and Shiz, or Ecbatana, being the same, the other was the temple of Haran in Mesopotamia, so celebrated in all antiquity. It would appear that as early as in the time of Job, the Sabæans of Haran became distinguished from the Chaldeans; for in virtue of the compact made between the Deity and Satan, the Sabæans fell upon his oxen and asses, while the Chaldeans fell upon the camels, the land of Uz being admitted as the land of Ur.

Although the fortunes of Haran, afterwards Carrhæ (variously written) of the Romans, were very various, and the Crusaders were defeated before its walls, there is no historical fact from which it derives so much interest as from the melancholy fate of Crassus and his son. It is to be regretted that I have no space here to explain this remarkable campaign, which the Roman apologists (servilely copied by Gibbon) have caused to abound in error. Crassus, it could be easily shewn, crossed the Euphrates at the bridge near Hierapolis; nor was he so much misled as is supposed by Abgar, but rather caught in an ambush laid for him on the banks of the Bilecha, where his son fell a victim to his ardour. Carrhæ—"Carræ clade Crassi nobiles"—afforded no shelter to the pro-consul; but he was driven towards the mountains of Masius, where Octavius made a stand near Sinnaca, or Sinna, while the unfortunate Roman was slain in a neighbouring marsh, such as are common in that district, and where, at the foot of Masius, I found, in 1840, the remains of a large walled city, remarkable for its extensive and superb Necropolis, now called Koh-Hisar, this city, from the peculiarity of its position, I am inclined to identify with the Sinna of Ptolemy, and the Syna of the Jews; which, as an episcopate of the Chaldeans, under the name of Sena, is particularly described as being between Edessa and Amida. The description of the apologists of Galerius and of Crassus, "of a smooth and barren surface of sandy desert, without a hillock, without a tree, and without a spring of fresh water," is not applicable to any portion of Mesopotamia which is washed by the waters of the numerous tributaries of the Bilecha and the Khabur. Horace, with more justice, frequently reverts, in terms of indignant sorrow, to campaigns so inglorious to the Romans.

Quitting Haran, we travelled in a direction a little southward of east, over an undulating country with fertile valleys, alternating with low but barren and stony tracts. These tracts were thinly populated; but we arrived in the evening at a large Arab encampment, where we met with unbounded hospitality from these children of the tent. They quarrelled which should take our horses from us; and we had not

been five minutes in the encampment before two goats were slain for an immediate repast, while black Nubian slaves were keeping the pestle and mortar in quick movement, to supply a constant succession of little cups of coffee.

The next day, crossing some low hills of similar character, we came upon a great plain, watered by abundant streams, and studded with the villages of the Arabs, who had now repaired to the summer pasturages. The houses in these villages were, for want of wood to form roofs, built with semicircular domes, and appeared like so many beehives. The plain was everywhere cultivated, and about fifteen miles long by seven broad, in each of the villages, there were from fifty to a hundred domed huts; and we counted forty of these villages within view at the same time. This is the most productive rice country in Mesopotamia, and in the centre of so remarkable a spot stood the fourth patriarchal city of the Chaldees—Serug, or Sarug. Excepting one upright column, this site presented nothing to our anxious researches, (for no Europeans had previously visited these secluded regions;) but traces of edifices, and fragments of ruin, without form or shape, still covered a considerable extent of ground. It is a city that has been very nearly swept from the face of the earth, and almost its name alone is still preserved among the Arabs, who guided us to these faint vestiges of a once populous and commercial city. For the same site, be it known, was familiar to history by the name of Batnæ, Batne, or Batnas. Stephanus calls it Bonchas. It was a distinguished episcopacy in the middle ages,* and its bishops are recorded as of Batnæ, or Sarug, fully proving the identity of the two places. It was the nearest city to the bridge of Hierapolis on Euphrates, and was thus visited by Julian, who crossed the river at that place. It was then an opulent city, and had an annual fair in the month of September, to which merchants from India, with silks and other goods, repaired. This, from Ammianus. Procopius describes it, in Justinian's time, as an obscure town; and as it was held by Chosroes, (Kesra Anushirwan,) the royal mason did not repair its fortunes.

At the southern extremity of the great plain of Sarug, and at a distance of several miles from the ruins of that city, are to be seen, lying on the ground, two colossal lions, hewn in very fine-grained basalt, with considerable art. Eden took sketches of these remarkable sculptures which are in Colonel Chesney's possession. It is impossible to form an idea how they came in their present position, or at what time they were sculptured. There is no basaltic rock in the immediate neighbourhood, and it is most probable that they were on their way to the Euphrates, when their further progress was arrested by those fatalities of war which were so common on the Mesopotamian plains. It is much to be wished, that such splendid specimens of art were rescued from their present inglorious position.

After a long and fatiguing ride, we arrived the next evening at Port-William, where we found that the "Euphrates" steamer had dropped a few miles down the river; so, quitting my companions, I joined my own ship, and shall be thus enabled to give with the New Year, the first paper relating to a first navigation of that celebrated river.

* Edessa, as a Christian metropolis, held under its diocese four episcopacies—Haran, Callinicus (Rakkah), Batnæ or Sarug, and BIRTHA (Birebjik).

BONNY KATE.

BY GEORGE RAYMOND.

Now Hallowtide, I wend my way along the yellow glen,
And hear no more, amid my paths, the robin and the wren ;
But near me is my "bonny Kate," coquetting o'er the green—
A blossom she, yet not the flower, that's born to blush unseen.

The fibrous woodbine, lover-like, which round the maple hung,
That *rendezvous* rememb'rest, when our intercourse was young?
The briony, whose fond embrace the hazel boughs confined,
The lowly fern, the eglantine, and harebell in the wind?

Secure from thine entangling wiles, I kept my thoughts in vain,
And what thy freedom did ensnare, thy witch'ry will retain ;
The more you hide, the more I seek—my merry Kate's design,
And bow to thee as goblets stoop to catch the ruby wine.

If not so constant as the light in Hero's chamber shed,
Thy flick'ring spirit charms me more by keeping me in dread—
So prized, th' uncertain diet is beyond a plenteous store,
As sailors snatch a wafted breath from off th' Arabian shore.

Thy mortal loveliness is wove in such a varied woof,
Entwining with a silken smile the fibres of reproof ;
A sherbet to my longing taste, the contraries which meet,
And elevate my grateful soul, the citron and the sweet.

Thus, as their eyes, the followers of Mahomet consume,
When once they have but gazed upon the holy prophet's tomb,
So, in my heart's religion, thou shalt be my equal guide,
For, looking on thy pretty face, I'm blind to all beside.

As pyramids are measured by their shadows on the plain,
So is thy beauty, by the troop of suitors in thy train ;
And as, unmingling with the Rhone, flows fair Geneva's lake,
So you preserve untainted grace amidst the rustic wake.

Like Memnon's harp, which poets tell, emits responsive lay
When heated by the magic touch of orient Phœbus' ray,
So sympathetic thought to thee in harmony replies,
When blood is kindled by the force of those refulgent eyes.

Thou warm'st me with the blandishment of sparkling Lelage,
Or with designing Pyrrha's arts—her bland *coquetterie*—
And thus my dainty sciolist, so learned in thine Art,
For once, I deem there is a grace which beggars Nature's part.

Thine anger, pr'ythee, now dismiss, if anger you pursue,
For if I stole one single kiss, I fairly paid thee two ;
From death to fetters, by my judge, commuted be my crime,
By Hymen's statute, "benefit of clergy," give, this time.

A saint there is, Theresa named, who says, the sinner's fate
Hereafter is to live unloved—more desolate than hate—
I know not that ; but this I know, without the saint's decree,
The best of mortal promise is, to be beloved by thee.

THE MAN WITH A GRIEVANCE.

BY LAMAN BLANCHARD.

"HERE he is ! Come this way ; turn sharply round the corner ;—that will do ; he's gone by !"

"Here he comes ! But he doesn't see us ; no ! push on ; all right—I breathe again !"

"By Jupiter, he is bearing down upon us now, full sail—there's no avoiding him this time. Here he comes, and it is all over with us. Here's the Man with a Grievance !"

Such are the hazards daily run by saunterers in the streets of great cities ; by the idler and the man of business, the apathetic veteran and the enthusiastic youth. All are fish that come to the net of the man with a grievance. He is not particular about his listener, but a listener he must catch. In a case of desperation, the crossing-sweeper or the applewoman—what sufferings will sad humanity undergo for a penny!—must be seized upon as a recipient of the story of his wrongs.

Grievances are, no doubt, excellent things for the English. The great practical utility of these expedients is not to be denied. They exactly suit the temper of the people ; and, perhaps, the constitution of the popular mind might not remain long so very healthy without them. Luckily, redress is always conceded slowly and cautiously ; for mere redress can be effected at any time ; but a fine animated ventilating grievance is not so easily to be had. Yet have we sometimes, when meeting a man of the stamp indicated, been selfish and unpatriotic enough to wish that there were no grievances !

The man with a grievance rushes upon you in all places, and at all seasons. As you are hurrying to the theatre (people generally hurry to the theatre), or entering a banker's just on the eve of shutting up. You may be going to church for what he cares. As you are hastening home to dinner, or proceeding, late as usual, to dine at a friend's, with nine persons waiting for you ; as you are speeding to receive the payment due at twelve o'clock, your only chance of getting it ; as you are flying to embrace the darling daughter, separated from you for a long twelvemonth ; or dashing onwards with the design of kicking somebody, two miles off, to whom you bear a delicious, a heart-exalting grudge ; at all these times, will the man with a grievance lay violent hands upon you, and remorselessly pour his horrid tale into your ear. He would have stopped a highwayman on the road to Tyburn, but that the condemned would naturally have preferred hanging to hearing.

Nay, to put a stronger and more frequent case, the man with a grievance has not the slightest hesitation in stopping you, if he can, when you are going to be married ; in arresting your progress the instant the ceremony is performed ; in catching hold of the bridegroom by the new bright button as he is starting for Honeymoon Hall, just as he has set his foot upon the carriage step—coolly assuring that gentleman that the little narrative of his injuries will not occupy five minutes, and adding, "Doubtless, this lovely lady would like to listen for that limited period ! Madam, when I was in Jamaica, at the end of '38——!" But for the cracking sting of the whip, ostensibly designed for one of the four bits of blood who are to dash off with the "happy

couple," but carefully transferred to the leg of the man with a grievance, he would infallibly talk his way into the interior of a West Indian hardship in no time.

It would answer no amusing or useful purpose to discriminate between the several varieties of men with grievances; the shades of difference are too slight, and consequently the ill-used are too much alike. The chief distinction to be noticed generally lies in the grievances complained of, of which the varieties are endless.

The man with a grievance is especially to be avoided when he has had a play damned—but still more, when the drama, triumphantly successful, has been withdrawn after three nights. Beware how he catches you on the fourth day. If you escape without an ear-ache, and the total loss of your morning, you are lucky indeed. To argue with him lengthens his complaint; to be silent encourages him to proceed; and to sympathize with him—worse! In all probability he will dedicate the play to you!

The West Indian hardship before adverted to, a Canadian grievance, or any stock colonial abomination, arms him rather formidably for an attack upon you. The assault is sure to be tedious, and has but one termination—that a tremendous and devastating hurricane (with which the Colonial office had something rather mysterious to do) came to crown the work, and swept his property to ruin, while it passed harmlessly over the estates of others. In that sometimes the chief sting lies.

Army and navy grievances, quarrels with government and great public companies, battles with foreign states fought through the ambassador's bag, interminable contests with parochial authorities, and elaborate expositions of the wrongs endured in shipping, mining, and canal speculations, together with episodes relative to Spanish securities and American stock,—all form pretty features in pamphlets, but are apt to be cold subjects of conversation in St. Paul's Church-yard when the wind is sharp.

Avoid the man with a grievance, when the sole parties in his cause happen to be his ex-bosom-friend and himself. He will gesticulate fiercely if Japan be his enemy; he will fly with a respectable exasperation at the throat of Russia, when she wrongs him; but if the foe be his late crony, Nokes, then is there no limit to his ire or story. He assuredly rises high in wrath when he persuades himself that the Bank of England and the East India Company are (with Treasury connivance) in a conspiracy to defraud and ruin him; but only take him when Styles is the hero of the tale—when that friend of his soul is the author of all his grievances—and then send home to your family to say that you expect to be particularly engaged until Friday.

Yes; his anger is a smart cataract, when pouring on a state or an institution; but he reserves his "grand fall" for a cut companion. "That *person*, sir!" It would be a farce to suggest to his fancy such mild and loving images as tigers, crocodiles, mad dogs, scorpions, and tarantulas, while "that *person*!" rides on the whirlwind of his wrath. Rush to the nearest railway, when the man with a grievance gets upon this line of injury.

When the man with a grievance has been for a short season within a bankruptcy court, you will find his statement considerably longer than the *Times* report, and differing from that journal in many

important facts. When he has been ill-used upon a railway—at its terminus, or its hotel—but, in this instance, you may as well quietly listen, for it may possibly be your own case next week. When you hear that, as defendant in an action, the damages are rather heavy against him, get out of town. If he should be nonsuited in his character of plaintiff, have your knocker tied up: it will be hardly safe to venture out for a day or two. Especially take care, when he happens to have found his way into a police report: meeting him at that period in an omnibus going west, spring into the one that is passing, going east—never mind your neck.

Some of these, it is true, are but temporary grievances; and although they are very wearisome and direful in their consequences at the time, they evaporate in words, and the patient, met at the end of a fortnight, has ceased to be dangerous. The great peril lies in the direction of the real, the permanent grievance; that which, having once given motion to the tongue, keeps it going. Where the true grievance exists, there can exist but one. The man that has this, has no minor or temporary injuries, and by it he is to be known.

It is needless, then, to warn even the most unwary that the man with the grievance talks of nothing else, and listens to the revelations of others with reluctance. Nobody seems particularly anxious to sit next to him at dinner: no wonder, when, before the fish has quite disappeared, he has entered upon the details of his contest with the Horse Guards, dating nine years back. Cheese will hardly bring him to the present day; so that the dinner has been devoted to preliminaries, and what he called the real interest of the narrative is reserved for the dessert.

In the mixed assembly, you may know the man with a grievance at a glance; persons where he sits or walks move rather nervously away. But, as he stands looking round the room for his likeliest prey, some slight acquaintance, observing him silent and companionless, innocently bows, and is instantly hooked past recall, by the deadly angler with a grievance. A faint struggle at the end of five minutes, a desperate movement of escape in a quarter of an hour, with a fidgetty and agitated manner kept up during the long interval, only reveal the helplessness of the victim—the unhappy listener caught in the fatal lures of the man with a grievance.

For the first few years, he will feel it politic to make his approaches guardedly. Thus, he will wait for a lucky turn of the conversation, or affect to be reminded, by something present, of his pet subject. But as life wears out, the man with a grievance can afford to indulge no longer in the delicacy of such delay. He can have no mercy for his hearer—his heart becomes full, too full, of himself alone. He plunges at once into the familiar mystery of his grievance, ceremonious prelude flung aside. He is more incensed at his injury, and more in love with the story, every time he relates it, and cannot now pretend to conceal his total indifference to anything you may have to say in reply. You are not to speak, but to hear.

If he can get near enough to you to whisper, he will begin his tale in the quiet room, while the timid young singer is delighting the company. He has no ears, no sight, no sense of fitness; only a tongue, and an eager, restless consciousness that life is intolerable without a listener. He must recount his wrongs again, or madden

with the agony of suspense—of a sense of injury, suppressed for several weary, painful silent hours. He is the man with a grievance.

Misery is often a merciful teacher, doubtless ; and pain, while it tries the temper, softens the heart. But these effects are rarely observable in the case of the character described. The man with the grievance is not improved by affliction. His injuries only irritate and harden him. He is consequently selfish—entirely selfish. He has no feeling for a country laid waste, no sympathy for a trampled people ; he can as little compassionate a class, as share an individual grief. He cares neither for the many, nor the few, nor the one—except himself. His grievance converts him to stone, iron, ice. The most generous and amiable nature, quick to pity and aid misfortune, has been perverted, by the infliction of a wrong, into utter selfishness. We always commiserate while we shun the man with a grievance, on this account.

There is a device that he sometimes adopts which demands especial mention, in the form of warning to the unwary. It is when he abjures the first person singular, and merges the autobiographer in the historian or the dramatist. We were once (thanks to a sad want of caution !) impaled for three hours by one of the most merciless of the tribe—when the pronoun “I” at the opening would have saved us. With what an impersonal and abstract interest he commenced ! with what a forgetfulness of self, he entered upon his history ; how cunningly he contrived to hint that it only affected him because it affected mankind ! And when he had concluded the all but interminable narrative of another’s wrong, with what exultation, transcended only by our rage, did he exclaim,—

“Behold in me the hero of the tale ! I am the very victim ! It is I who yet live to relate to *all* who approach me the story of that intolerable grievance !”

He the victim ! No, but we well know who was : and as for the grievance being his, it became our own by the mere relation of it. And let this be borne in recollection, that it is always in the power of the man with a grievance to communicate his own infirmity to his hearer ; who having listened long against his will—and then again, in spite of his ears—and then again and again, contrary to his hundred registered vows and oaths—goes home, brooding, sullen, savage—a man with a grievance !

And now we approach the brief consideration of one particular order of grievance, the mention of which is fatal to the listener’s peace for four and twenty hours. We have lightly touched on a few of the grievances which commonly send forth the man of prey upon his rounds, seeking whom he may devour :—whom, like the ant-eating sloth, he may catch upon his outspread tongue, and then comfortably draw it in. Of these, the contest with governments, and the quarrels with friends, the loss of property, and the destruction of reputation, may be passingly remembered ; but all these are trifles. The condemned play, and the suppressed correspondence with the Secretary at War, are pleasant reminiscences compared with that grievance, the lightest word of which should “harrow up the soul” of the hearer. It is—

The “Wife” of the Man with a Grievance !

When he mentions *her*—when *she* turns out to be the grievance—but no, there is a limit to the speed of steam ; few mail-trains can go fast enough !

Let his grievance take any shape but that. Let it approach in the likeness of ingrate sons, rascal friends, doctors who have mistaken your lungs for your liver, daughters who have married dancing-masters ; ten thousand forms it may take ; but the firmest nerves must tremble if the man with a grievance should seek to introduce it in the shape of his wife. Human nature is not all Indian-rubber ; it cannot be so stretched. The time will come when it must snap ; and now is the hour !

Some Italian rhyme compares life to a wheel, which always goes round silently when it goes well. It is so with a wife. The men who live happily with their wives, and love them as they ought to do, never mention their names ; never, at all events, if they do say a word or two, make them the heroines of a long story. *Ergo*, when a man begins to talk a volume about his wife, she begins to be his grievance.

Should such be his theme, then, when he meets you in the open unbaricaded streets of London, should the man with a grievance only start the most distant suspicion of his design to allude to his wife—sham a spasm ; invent an appointment at Buckingham-palace ; vow (by the heathen gods, and throw in the goddesses) that it is pouring with rain, and hear nothing to the contrary ;—remember that your grandfather, who died in 1807, is suddenly taken alarmingly ill ;—but be off ! Go ; no matter which way ; fly, as you would from the edge of a jungle where you espied the eyes of a famished tigress glaring through the green and yellow duskiness. But that is a poor tame image. Stand not then upon the order of your going, but go at once, as if Lady Macbeth were holding the two daggers to your throat ! If that would not move you, you deserve to hear the whole story of the man with a grievance, when his soul aches to impress you with the inexpressible wickedness of his wife. Yet humanity, though deeply sinful, can rarely deserve this extreme misery !

These parting allusions to a lady, in association with the man with a grievance, suggest to the shrinking imagination a faint image of the Woman with a Grievance ! Ah ! the Captain will be a bold man who tells her story !

THE COUNTRY CURATE.

BY CHARLES OLLIER.

CHAPTER III.

THE CURATE'S TROUBLES AT HOME.

"God only knows," thought Mr. Westewood, as he trod his homeward path—"God only knows for what suffering I am reserved ! But come what may, never shall my trust in Him be shaken ! In His infinite wisdom and benevolence, it becomes every one of his creatures to place infinite trust. If ignorance did not blind us, we should behold in what appears to be His frown, a smile of love. Nevertheless, in the weakness of our flesh—in the imperfection of our understanding—in the impatience of our waywardness—murmurs and groans, and sad tears will escape us. God, however, knowing our infirmity, will pardon it, and work out His own good purpose, regardless of our

frowardness. Blessed be his name! Praises, beyond the power of human thought, are due to Him; for surely, as 'I live and move and have my being,' He, from the first, has ordained for us nothing but kindness—kindness for all the poor offspring of His hand—kindness for me, and for the thoughtless man whom I have just seen."

Elevated by these ideas—these truths which Heaven had permitted to fall into his soul—our curate was able, in strength of body and mind, to plod towards his home, which, so comforting were his ruminations, he reached with scarcely any consciousness of the distance. The door was opened by his wife.

"Constance," said Mr. Westerwood, as he entered his house, "you look pale, agitated, sorely troubled. What is the matter?—what has happened?"

"Lucy," she replied, "is very ill—dear Lucy!"

The curate staggered, like one who had received a blow. This was a fearful accession to his misery. That the illness, however sudden, must be of an alarming character, he well knew by his wife's manner. Mrs. Westerwood was a woman whom nothing but real and imminent danger could affect. She would not have looked pale and dispirited at any ordinary evil.

"Ill!" echoed the curate; "Lucy ill! When did you discover this?"

"When I went to call up the girls, after you left us," responded Mrs. Westerwood. "She was then burning with fever, and, to a certain degree, delirious."

Now, Lucy was our curate's eldest child. He doated on her with boundless love. Not that his affection for her was greater than he bore towards his other daughters; still, he would miss her more, seeing that she was almost his sole companion. Whenever he sat down in his narrow room to compose sermons, Lucy was by his side, handing him such books as he might require for reference; and, under his direction, turning to those parts of the Scriptures he needed as vindicating his doctrine. To lose her, would be to undergo a calamity greater than his strength could bear.

"I will go up and see her, Constance," he said, dejectedly. "Have you had medical advice?"

"Such as I could procure," replied Mrs. Westerwood. "The apothecary has been here."

"What does he say?"

"That she has got scarlet fever. He is not without fear that the other children will be infected."

"God forbid!" ejaculated the curate. "The two girls must have a bed on the floor in the parlour. This will be but a poor chance for escape; but it is the only one we can give them. I will now go and see Lucy."

The parents, accordingly, repaired to their child's bed. There lay the sufferer, panting in the hot grasp of her malady. Her face was deformed by scarlet spots. She lifted her eyes to her father and mother; but with scarcely any sign of recognition. Such a sight as this would have been most distressing to any parents. How greatly was the agony increased when it fell upon persons so ill provided with means to alleviate the calamity!

"We have greater need than ever," said Mr. Westerwood, in an undertone, "to pray for fortitude. Evils come thickly on us."

"Then you have bad news from the rectory," said his wife.

"My visit has not been satisfactory," observed he, in an evasive tone.

"You shall tell me all about it in a few minutes," resumed she; "meanwhile, I must give Lucy her medicine."

This having been accomplished with some difficulty, the sad pair sat down together by their child's bedside, and our curate told his wife the result of his interview with the rector. When he had ceased Constance, exclaiming, "You are sinking, Godfrey, for want of food!" went down stairs, and quickly returned with some refreshment.

"I repeat," said she, almost in a whisper, but with marked emphasis—"I repeat that Doctor Bruiner, though a priest, is not a Christian. Eat, Godfrey—eat," she added, seeing her husband put aside his plate after swallowing only a mouthful; "you must *try* to eat. We must keep up our strength, you know, as well as we can; for we have much to suffer. But, perhaps, after your toilsome walk, you are too thirsty to eat. See, here is a glass of beer; drink it, dear Godfrey, 'twill refresh you."

Poor man! he needed support. The draught did him good; and after taking a little more of the solid nourishment, he inquired if his wife could account for the sudden fever which had seized their daughter.

"Why," replied she, "Lucy, you know, is now twelve years of age; and I sometimes fear that she perceives our wants, and is unhappy. She must have been some time unwell, though we did not detect it. It is a bitter aggravation of our misery that it should shut out the natural light from a child's heart."

"Bitter indeed!" exclaimed the curate. "Then you think, Constance, that our poor girl has pined herself into this malady."

Mrs. Westerwood was silent; but she took her husband's hand, while tears rolled down her face. And thus they sat in a grief-stricken quiet, broken only by the young sufferer's feeble moans.

"Be of hope, my Constance!" at length ejaculated Mr. Westerwood. "Be assured that God will relieve us. He only can. Let us lift up our hearts to Him. In the stillness of this sick chamber, I can hear his gracious bidding: 'Come unto me, all ye who labour and are heavy-laden, and I will give you rest.' Listening to these sounds, how can I despond? Kneel, Constance. Let us pray."

CHAPTER IV.

THE CURATE IS STILL FURTHER TRIED.

BLESSED is prayer! Prayer is left us when everything else is denied. It "comforteth the weak-hearted, and raiseth up them that fall." If it spring not merely from the lips, it descends again upon the heart, reviving it, even as the children of Israel were revived when God rained down manna before them, while they murmured and languished and starved in the wilderness. Blessed is prayer!

Our curate and his wife felt its sacred influence, and were strengthened when they arose from kneeling. Even the sick child seemed more composed, though her visage was still metamorphosed by the fearful scarlet stain.

"I will go now," said Mr. Westerwood, "and attend to our worldly affairs. Give me the accounts, Constance. I shall not be long in discharging them."

The good man proceeded on his mission—paid his debts, and returned to his sorrowful home with one guinea in his pocket. With this sum he must meet the many exigencies of sickness—with this he must also help out such little needs as could not be answered from credit.

Mr. Westerwood's return to his house was again destined to be gloomed by fate. He learned that his two other children had sickened with the fever. For this the curate was, in a manner prepared. No word, no thought of impatience, escaped him. He felt the efficacy of his prayer, and was strong in trust on Heaven.

"They shall lie together in our bed, Constance," said he. "Thus the three will be on one floor; you and I can sit up and nurse them together. When we want sleep, we will take our watch alternately. But, sleeping or waking, let us unfailingly depend on the goodness of Providence."

"Our trial is a grievous one, Godfrey," replied Mrs. Westerwood; "in any case, I am resigned. The All-wise knows better than we what is fit for us."

Having said this, Constance put her two girls to bed; and, though destitute of such things as sickness might need, busied herself in making arrangements for alleviating the sufferings of her stricken children. Her confined house had become an hospital, only that all appurtenances thereto were wanting. The solitary guinea, however, held out some hope. It was long since she had had command of such a sum. This, therefore, while it lasted, should be devoted to the young invalids.

The apothecary was again sent for, and his report was more gloomy than before. It was necessary that the house should be provided with dietary requisites for sick chambers. Mrs. Westerwood accordingly sallied forth to purchase those articles, with which she returned laden.

"See Godfrey," said she, "here is some sago, a little fruit, a pot of currant jelly, and other comforts which I think our invalids will require. I have disbursed eight shillings, Godfrey, of which sum part was spent for this pint of wine. I should not like to be without something for you in your night watches."

"You always think of me, dear Constance," said the curate with a sigh, "and never of yourself."

"Well, well," returned she, "I will take a little of it with you, should I feel weary."

"Do, my love," responded Mr. Westerwood, "'twill help to beguile our melancholy vigil."

"And now," resumed Constance, "I will deposit my remaining stock of money carefully, else I may mislay it. My silver and gold are in different pockets. Here are the half crown and sixpence," continued she; "and now for the half-guinea in my other pocket."

It was not there! She drew forth the contents and minutely inspected them. No coin was found. She then turned her pocket inside out, and discovered that part of the seam was open. Through this the half-guinea must have dropped.

"Woe is me!" she ejaculated, sinking into a chair; "I have lost the greater part of our treasure! What will become of us? What shall we do?"

"Let us take unto ourselves patience," returned the curate. "What! shall we add to our troubles by vainly repining at that which was an accident? No. It becomes us not to murmur, seeing that our Creator is everywhere, and therefore with *us*. Grieve not yourself, my Constance. We have done no wrong; let us be patient."

Twilight drew on; and the curate and his wife took charge each of a sick chamber. That the nights at this season were brief, was so far fortunate for them, inasmuch as towards midnight the sufferers grew worse. They tossed on their hot beds and moaned and uttered words of melancholy incoherence. Sad, sad is it, especially at night, to listen to the delirious wanderings of light-headedness! And how great a relief was it to the sleepless watchers when the white dawn trembled against their windows, even though the light revealed a fearful alteration in the young sufferers' faces! Presently up came the sun, and then Mrs. Westwood busied herself in preparing a morning-meal that she and her husband might, in a measure, be strengthened for the trials of the coming day.

"The children are worse, Constance," said Mr. Westwood. "When will the apothecary come?"

"In the forenoon," she replied. "I think we shall know the worst to night."

"So soon?"

"Yes. I mean, Godfrey, that we may then know what we are to expect."

"Have mercy on us!" ejaculated the curate, lifting his eyes heavenward.

When the medical man saw his patients, he looked ominously; avoided direct replies to questions; talked of a change in the remedies, and urged the necessity of unremitting watchfulness.

Miserably did the day pass. Sleep was denied to the little victims. The red pest came hotter and hotter on them. They sank under the fierce tyranny. But Mrs. Westwood bore up bravely, and disputed every moment with the advancing disease. True woman! There lay her children—*all* her children—on the very brink of the grave! A heart-rending prospect! Yet, fear-fraught as she must have been, she would not allow her nerves to shake, but resolved to hold out even to the last. Meeting sick waywardness with sweetest patience, she succeeded in administering the medicines; and with many a holy deceit,—yea, even playful words and pretty blandishments, contrived to calm the turbulent agonies of her young offspring. From room to room went she, with soothing words and tender offices. True woman!

The sun sank; and again our curate and his wife took up their several posts. Heavy clouds burdened the air, converting a July nocturnal twilight into absolute blackness. Mr. Westwood was in the room of his eldest daughter. Ever and anon he looked at her by the faint gleam of a night-lamp; but still her head moved to and fro, and as he touched her face, it felt as though on fire. Having coaxed her to take an acidulated draught, he sat down and endeavoured to read some of the almost inspired pages of Taylor's "Holy Living and Dying." His mind, however, was far from the volume; and the very endeavour to recall it, made him drowsy. Poor man! He had not slept for two nights, besides having walked in one of the forenoons two-and-twenty

miles without meat or drink. At length, his eye-lids dropped, and his head sank on the book.

Presently it seemed to him that the room was flooded with a great light, soft, but all-penetrating. As he gazed, his latticed window flew open, and in the space appeared an angel, poised horizontally in air. A glory surrounded the heavenly messenger, from which was derived the radiance that filled the apartment.

"This angel had of roses and of lillie
Coronets two, the which he bare in hande."

Our curate thrilled in every nerve as the celestial apparition floated into his room. He fell down before it; when, with a smile, a beatific smile, a smile of unutterable loveliness and purity, such as never beamed on the lips of poor mortality, the gracious vision placed before him the crown of roses; then, hovering over the child's bed, touched her forehead with the cool lily coronal, and lo! it seemed to Mr. Westerwood that the red hue faded. Anon, he heard a gentle pealing as of the spheres, and in the midst of that music the angel vanished.

At that moment his door was opened, and Constance appeared. The sound of her steps caused him to lift up his head. Being not yet fairly wakened, and still under the influence of his vision, he dropped on his knees before his wife, uttering some incoherent words.

"Godfrey," said she, "you have been asleep, and are even now dreaming. Why kneel you to me?"

With a heavy sigh, the curate replied, "I fear, indeed, I have betrayed my trust. Do not be angry with me, Constance."

"My poor worn-out husband!" ejaculated she. "Angry, indeed! How could you suffer such a word to escape your lips? Listen to me, Godfrey. I come to bring you good tidings. Our two children are better—decidedly better. Let me see Lucy."

Advancing to the patient, she beckoned her husband. "Look," said Constance, "she sleeps calmly, and the frightful colour is nearly gone. She is safe! God be praised!"

And tears came to mitigate the onset of joy.

"Oh, Constance!" exclaimed the curate, "I have dreamed a blessed dream!—yea, seen, as I slept, a gracious vision. Surely, it betokened this alleviation of our sorrow. Let us give thanks."

Sweet were their words of praise, after their late agonizing supplication. Mr. Westerwood described his dream to his wife, and expatiated on its ineffable loveliness and glory. Had he lived in these days, he would doubtlessly have thought of the lines, steeped in melting pathos and beauty, which, under a similar affliction, and at the couch of a sick child, flowed from the pen of one of our greatest living poets.

"Something divine and dim
Seems going by one's ear,
Like 'parting wings of Cherubim,
Who say, 'We've finish'd here.'"

LEIGH HUNT.

But the afflictions of our curate and his wife were not yet ended. Another incident is still to be recorded.

A NIGHT IN A FOG.

BY MRS. WHITE.

CONCEIVE anything more ridiculous and annoying, than, having taken "French leave" for a day, with a determination to be on the parade, at Chatham, by ten o'clock the following morning, to find yourself on board the Gravesend packet, in which you have started at four in the afternoon, at nine o'clock at night moored off the pier at Blackwall, with a fog so thick as to prevent your seeing the boat's funnel, too late for the last up-train, and without a possibility of crossing the river to Woolwich, with a view to meeting the night-mail on Shooter's Hill; the roast mutton and boiled beef that constitute steam-boat dinners five days out of the seven long since discussed, so that one has nothing left to chew but the cud of "bitter fancy," which the remembrance of a broken engagement and an irate colonel amply supply! This I found was the position of one of my fellow travellers, on the night to which I allude—a night, that in discomfort and weariness I hope never to re-experience. We had left London Bridge in the full expectation of completing our voyage; for, although the atmosphere was heavy with a yellow mist that drove down the steam and smoke in a thick cloud on the deck, and clung to the few, who were rash enough to remain there, like a "wet blanket;" the captain assured us that below the pool it was quite clear, and that there was not a doubt of our reaching our destination. When, therefore, about four hours afterwards, he entered the saloon to inform the "ladies and gentlemen," that, "by reason of the fog, it was quite an utter impossibility to get any further," a manifestation of disappointment and displeasure indicated itself in a running-scale of small oaths and exclamations not to be attempted on paper, from the bulky tones of two butcher-like men, who wore belcher-handkerchiefs, and did not use knives with their bread and butter, to the tiny voices of a pretty, lady-looking woman and her sister, whose very diminutive mouths seemed only made to eat the mince-meat, the component parts of which, in a moment of confidence, they afterwards informed me they had been purchasing—it wanted but a fortnight of Christmas—and being thus early in the field, or rather market, involved some question of domestic economy. These ladies made the feminine portion of a quintet, who had the good fortune to be personally acquainted, and therefore authorized to draw for mutual accommodation on each other's conversational and anecdotal funds. Of the remainder of the party, two were old naval officers, sailors round the world, and citizens of it, who delightfully mingled the gravity of the ward-room with occasional sallies of humour that had all the gleeful mirthfulness of the midshipman's berth; the third was a tall, awkward, sallow man, with large features, no end of whiskers, dull grey eyes, and bushy eyebrows, which he had the power of raising to the summit of his forehead with an unpleasantly lugubrious effect; this person, I discovered, was the husband of the pretty woman. There were five other female passengers besides this lady, her sister, and myself, all of whom, upon hearing the captain's decision, *took tea*, and, wrapping themselves in silence and their cloaks, turned their faces to the wall, or, rather, the side of the cabin, and

thus awaited the turn of the tide, "which, taken at the flood," the captain had informed us, would enable him to proceed to Gravesend.

I had seated myself on one of the end sofas, near the fireplace, where I was most out of the way, and yet could observe what was passing, and I was not a little amused, after the first impatient burst of discontent, to find the ease with which necessity reconciled each individual to his situation, and the practical philosophy they exhibited in endeavouring, as the phrase goes, to "make the best of it." The one who appeared to endure it with the least grace, was the young Irish ensign, whose situation I before alluded to; he gave unerring proof of the irritable genius of his country, and the omnipotence of a colonel in his own corps. One might have taken a bet, that his commission bore a very recent date—that, in fact, his first regimental-coat could not yet have lost its glossy freshness, or the folds in which his tailor sent it home, so intent was he on endeavouring to beat an alarm on every one's tympanum, with the important dissyllables, "duty" and "parade." Besides, as I before hinted, he appeared to be absent without leave. By picking up the handkerchief of an elderly lady, who sat next to me, and placing the light where it enabled her to read, he had entitled himself to a bow and smile, which reports on the weather, &c., soon converted into actual conversation; and he hazarded anecdote, and such scraps of personal adventure as occurred to him in his momentary cessations of anxiety, with such an apparent desire to please, that it was impossible he should fail; and more than one of the party drew nearer, in order to gather information and amusement from his reminiscences of county Cork, Father Mathew, and Dan O'Connell. With the exception of two medical men, the remainder of the passengers consisted of farmers, corn-factors, and graziers, who had been in town enjoying the spectacle of the "cattle-show."

I have often had occasion to observe, how community of evil, in any shape, breaks down the iron fences of conventional etiquette. Even in this most scrupulously conventional country, where, in the close precincts of a railway-carriage or stage-coach, one is deterred from offering a civility, or interchanging an idea with one's neighbour; only let the coach break down, or an accident happen on the railway, the quarantine on tongues is instantly taken off, and the most demure old maid, the most taciturn old gentleman, incontinently become loquacious. Thus the *ruelle* round the fireplace of the saloon gradually widened, one after another tendering some mite of conversation towards the general entertainment, for, of course, there was no sleeping accommodation on board, so that all endeavoured to keep their eyes open as long as possible; and finding myself yawning, about one o'clock, over some dry volume of chronology, I put it down, and endeavoured to amuse myself with what was passing.

The ensign was interesting my neighbour with accounts of the Princess of Capua, Scullabogue Barn, and the White Quakers; the medical men were discussing mesmerism, but in such mysterious tones, that no one benefited by their opinions; while the navy veterans told stories of the American war, the mutiny, and how, when shipmates together, they had hoaxed a miller at Portsmouth, by binding themselves apprentice to him; from an opposite table, harsh voices interrupted one another with interjectional phrases in praise of a "wonderfully fine new chaff machine," "the champion plough of England,"

and "Brassy," by which name, I believe, they alluded to some prize-fighter; a party of four had possessed themselves of the only pack of cards on board the boat, and endeavoured to while away the time with whist and cribbage. But by far the most amusing group, and one that had hitherto escaped my observation, consisted of a little fat lady, a very tall, thin gentleman, and one of medium size, whose features partook very decidedly of the African character—with a sort of complexion one could imagine in a *boiled black*. These individuals both turned out to be members of a very grave and learned profession; but at the instant, I laboured under the delusion that I had suddenly stumbled on a triad of Thespians unmasked; for at the moment that my attention was excited towards them, I beheld the whites of the dark gentleman's eyes in a "fine frenzy rolling," as, contracting his brows, and scowling horribly at his gaunt companion, he exclaimed, in imitation of Kean,—“Avaunt, and quit my sight! Let the earth hide thee! Thy bones are marrowless—thy blood is cold—there is no speculation in those eyes, which thou dost glare with.”

My first impression was, that he was an actor; but on further acquaintance, Mr. Mulligatawny Jackson proved to be an amateur only, not a partner of the firm of Thespis, Thalia and Co. He was, in fact, a stage-stricken barrister—a mere admirer of the sock and buskin, whose natural taste for the histrionic art had been fostered into a very mania, from his having been the pupil of a person who had filled a confidential situation about the elder Kean.

Among other anecdotes of this actor, which Mr. Mulligatawny Jackson's schoolmaster had preserved, was one, of his having, when at the zenith of his fame, ordered at Ford's, a house at the corner of Vinegar Yard, Drury Lane, a plain joint and pudding to be got ready daily for such of the poor actors as might choose to partake of it. He also told a story of the great actor's setting off for Bath, accompanied by his secretary, in his private carriage, who, as night came on, fell asleep. Towards morning, and while still at some distance from the town, he awoke, and was astonished to find that Kean had left the carriage. He immediately stopped the post-boys, to inquire if they had seen him get out, but they pleaded ignorance. The secretary instantly left the vehicle, and wandered into the fields, describing Mr. Kean to the few hinds he met, as a little man wrapped in furs, &c., and offering a reward to any one who could give tidings of him. But no one had seen him. The post-boys, who had their cue, begged of him to get into the carriage, and drive to the nearest inn, which the terrified young man did, after he had made the fields echo with the cry of—"Oh! Lord Hamlet! What ho! my Lord Hamlet!" the character in which Kean was to make his appearance; but no Lord Hamlet answered. They drove on; when, just as they were about to enter the inn-yard, another carriage and four drove furiously up, and, to the astonishment of his secretary, Kean descended, accompanied by a travelling pedlar, whom he had met on the road. This man continued with him while he remained at Bath, drinking champagne, and feasting sumptuously every day at his own table. Kean absolutely brought him up to town in his carriage, setting him down in Bow Street, one cold November morning, saying to his secretary, as he did so, "Put your hand in your pocket, and the first thing you touch, give him." The young man did as he was

directed, and the result was, the pedlar left them some ten or twenty pounds better off than when they met.

"Yes," continued the barrister, "though Edmund Kean had many failings, he had some good qualities to atone for them, and amongst them great and uncalculating generosity. Ah!" he went on, "I was present at the greatest audience he ever drew—and that was at his funeral. His son was chief mourner, and Macready one of the pall-bearers, and about a hundred of the fraternity followed. It was a very short distance from his house to the churchyard; but Richmond Green was a sea of heads. Some thousands of people were present. Yes, I saw the last of him, both there and on the stage—the demi-negro looked, as he *spoke*, pathetically—I remember it as if but yesterday. For many years, he and his son had been at variance; but their mutual friends at length succeeded in bringing about a reconciliation. And on the occasion of Kean's taking leave of the stage, they played together; the one as *Othello*, the other as *Iago*. In the first scenes, which are tame, Kean got on very well; but when he came to the words, 'Farewell! Othello's occupation's gone!' he moved his fingers beseechingly to his son—who stood at the side while he fronted the audience—and as the former came forward he faltered, fell on his shoulder, and was obliged to be taken out, while Ward came on, and finished the part for him. In a few days after, he was no more!"

"It is a fact," he resumed, after a deep sigh, "that Edmund Kean could never play till he was three-parts drunk. Of course," he said, addressing the cadaverous-looking barrister beside him, "you have heard of Fred Cooke, the contemporary of Elliston and John Kemble. His passion for drink was so great that, when he was without money, or means of raising it, he has been known to go to a certain pawnbroker's, where he was in the habit of applying, and to say, 'I want five guineas; but I have nothing to pledge but myself. Give me the money, they'll be sure to redeem me when I'm wanted.' And having sent word to the theatre of his situation, he has frequently been found seated on the pawnbroker's counter, with a duplicate pinned to his button-hole. On one occasion, when Elliston wished him particularly to be quite correct, he invited him to dinner, and afterwards begged he would oblige him by submitting to one thing, which Fred promised. He, however, looked rather funny when Elliston, drawing him into a small room in the theatre, told him he must content himself there till it was time to dress. As there was no getting off, Cook consented; but after being locked in for some time, he began to long horribly for punch. By and by, he heard a noise of a broom on the stairs. Hope revived; he called, 'Mary—Betsy!—whatever your name is, come here, for God's sake!' and he contrived, while curiosity made the maid pause in her labour, to push a crown-piece between the door and the floor—'There, that's for you; and Mary, (pushing through another,) go like a good girl, and get me a pint of brandy, and a clean pipe, with this?'"

"'Oh, sir, I dare not! Master desired that I shouldn't come near the door, sir; nor speak to you upon any account.'"

"'Pshaw! Go; do as I tell you, and you shall have another by and by.'"

"The girl was not proof against the bribe. The brandy and pipe were both brought; and the tube of the latter being put through the

key-hole, the bowl was filled on the outside, and in this way the liquor was sucked up as the Americans drink sherry-cobbler. It is hardly necessary to say, that on Elliston's coming to let him out, Fred was found on his back; but a plentiful supply of soda water enabled him to go through his part as effectively as ever."

A sort of inarticulate growl from the lean barrister, informed Mr. Mulligatawny Jackson, that he had ridden his hobby of theatrical reminiscences too far. The little fat lady was already asleep, and I, very soon after, followed her example; but the novelty, or uneasiness of my position, did not admit of absolute repose.

I awoke with a feeling of weariness most painful. Raising my head, therefore, once more, I gazed round upon my somnolent companions. The cabin looked as if the fog had penetrated through the closed door and windows, so dim and hazy was its aspect; the half-burnt tallow candles, unsnuffed for the last two hours, appeared to glare without light. And there was an expression almost awful blended with the comedy of the scene around me, that made me feel as if I stood with the fisherman of the story, in the midst of the still citizens of Kilstheheine.*

The whist party illustrated the word better than their game had done. One of the naval men lay stretched on the hearth-rug, the other occupied a corner of the opposite sofa. The ensign—to whose anxious senses the voice of offended duty, terrible as that of conscience to the Thane of Cawdor, cried, "Sleep no more!"—was pacing to and fro the deck. The ladies' heads drooped heavily upon the tables, or rested against the side of the cabin, calm and still; but the gaudy display of heads turbaned with all sorts of coloured handkerchiefs—of ugly faces, and open mouths—and the tremendous sounds that issued from some of them, completed a tableau that I shall not easily forget.

It was with a feeling of real relief that I beheld the faint light of a winter's morning, shortly after, gleam through the hoar-frost that clung to the cabin-windows, and delightedly availed myself of the first sign of life in the stewardess, to obliterate the traces of sleeplessness and fatigue.

One after another my companions followed my example, till the "lady's cabin" presented a knot of as yellow, yawning, dissatisfied-looking females as ever stewardess looked upon. Headaches were partial; pains in the bones predominated. Bonnets were crushed, cloaks crumpled; in fact, there was no end of complaints. And, to add to the misery, there was but one towel amongst the entire assemblage, while hot water was at a premium, as the jug froze in bringing it from the fore-part of the vessel to the cabin.

These were the list of casualties. The only one of the party missing was the ensign, who, fearful of the fog's continuing, had returned to town, in order to take the coach for Chatham.

Though all complained of having lost their rest, none appeared to have lost their appetites, (judging from the work of demolition at the different breakfast-tables,) and shortly after this necessary affair had been discussed, the fog began to clear away, and we steamed onwards to our destination.

* A legendary city, beneath the River Shannon.

THE CRESCENT AND THE CROSS.*

SUCH is the high-sounding name given to a book of travel, and which is further pictorially rendered by a cross within the moon, like the Egyptian star within the same orbit's disc, an impossibility that, strange to say, Coleridge did not perceive, when he wrote—

“The horn'd moon, with one bright star
Within the nether tip.”

Do Oriental narratives, like occidental pills, require such naming and gilding to render them acceptable? Not so with us, to whom everything from that land of beauty and of antique association, and the cradle of all the creeds, has always a profound interest. It is equally pleasing to our tried experience, whether the sober prose of Wilkinson, Lane, or Robinson, the descriptive piety of Lyndsay or Olin, the rattling sketches of Napier, the poetry of Chateaubriand, Lamartine, or Milnes, or the brilliant colourings of the authors of “Eöthen” and of the “Crescent and the Cross,” come first to hand, and that simply because we can learn from the first class, and can be gratified, without being misled, by the others. We knew two young officers who made an excursion from Malta to Syria solely to see one of Lamartine's beauties; and great was naturally their disappointment and vexation when they found it a mere invention of fancy. This was, however, fortunate in their case, for they might have quarrelled had there been a reality.

We feel, also, as a consequence of the same happy state of mind, a malicious pleasure when we get hold of a traveller thoroughly imbued with the “Arabian Nights' Entertainments,” and who crosses the Atlantic humming the last Arab song of home manufacture, on contrasting his first impressions with his after-experiences. There is a world of sly enjoyment in watching how many cold effusions a freshly exported and poetic temperament will bear before it becomes convinced that the East is not *all* fairy-land.

Thus, on arriving at Alexandria, Mr. Warburton writes—

“And now we reach the city walls, with its towers as strong as mud can make them. It must not be supposed that this mud architecture is of the same nature as one associates with the word in Europe. No; over-shadowed by palm-trees, and a crimson banner with its star and crescent waving from the battlements, and camels crouched beneath its shades, and swarthy Egyptians, in *gorgeous apparel*, leaning against it, make a mud wall appear a very respectable fortification in this land of illusion.”

Then comes the process of disenchantment—a boat towed by wild, scraggy-looking horses, ridden by wilder, scaggier-looking men, with their naked feet stuck in shovel stirrups, with the sharp sides of which they scored their horses' flanks, after the fashion of crimped cod; and along the banks of the canal, mud cabins, with Tipperary associations; and then, at length, the sacred river itself, upon whose exotic beauties a whole chapter has just been written previous to seeing it, but arrived there, the deified stream is found to be harrowed up by a greasy,

* The Crescent and the Cross; or, Romance and Realities of Eastern Travel. By Eliot Warburton, Esq. 2 vols. 8vo.

grunting steam-ship, full of cockneys. "They call this steamy torturer the *Lotus*, too—adding insult to deep injury; a pretty specimen of thy sacred flower begrimed with soot, and bearing fifty tons of Newcastle coal in its calyx!"

The victorious city, Misr al Kahira, is gained.

"Protean powers! what a change!—a labyrinth of dark, filthy, intricate lanes and alleys, in which every smell and sight, from which the nose and eye revolt, meet one at every turn, and one is always turning. . . . A string of camels, bristling with fagots of firewood, sweeps the streets as effectually of passengers as the machine which has superseded chummies does a chimney of its soot. Lean, mangy dogs are continually running between your legs. . . . Beggars in rags, quivering with vermin, are lying in ever corner of the street," &c.

At length, the illusion is fairly broken; and Mr. Warburton exclaims, in downright distress: "How comes it, that almost every event of vivid romance, and visible chivalry, and poetry of action, belongs to the olden time of man?"

Simply because we attach such ideas to the past, to the manifest neglect of, and injustice to, the present. History is not encumbered with the details of life, which are everywhere the swamp of chivalry and poetry; and it is only the temperament of genius that can find aliment for such, amidst the utilitarianism and matter-of-fact tendencies of actual life. We rejoice, then, to travel occasionally with a *couleur-de-rose* companion; he may not inform the judgment, but he widens the sympathies; he may not satisfy the intellect, but he gratifies taste and feeling, and rouses the passions; and we rejoice when, with a pertinacity worthy of the cause, he will not be disillusionized, but perseveres in seeing everywhere beautiful women, gorgeous apparel, rivers, and palm groves, amid sunshine in all its Oriental blush; and cities crowded with water-carriers, calendars, Armenians, barbers,—all interesting, not as such, but as being the *dramatis personæ* of the *Arabian Nights*.

The only thing we object to is, that they all follow the same path. As to Syria, they just kiss its shores, like the blue Mediterranean; and if they do venture inwards, it is to Jerusalem, or Damascus, to Baalbec, and the Cedars, to the Dead Sea, and Betedín, the palace of the Druse. Up the Nile is worse, for there you have to make the ascent—and a long navigation we generally find it to be—and then to come back again over the same ground, with visits to those spots which were neglected on the ascent, leaving you in dire confusion as to what was examined, and what was not.

At Cairo, Mr. Warburton witnessed the magnetic performance of the celebrated Sheikh Abd-el-Khadr Moghribu, but with some trouble, as he had been recently kicked down stairs by a party of young Englishmen for a failure in his performance. He was not more successful on this occasion; but Mr. Warburton takes the opportunity of discussing magnetism in its remote antiquity, as practised by the Egyptians, and is above that prejudice which condemns what is not immediately comprehensive, or scoffs at what is not always successful.

The journey up the Nile is full of beautiful pictures. It is what the author intended it to be—a panoramic sketch, for the details to fill up which, the reader may consult more laborious writers. We were certainly somewhat startled at passing Beni Hasan, Eilethya, and a

host of other antiquities, without even a mention made of their names; and it was, in truth, an oversight to walk into the Temple of Esneh, and not to notice those astronomical signs of far greater antiquity than those at the Macedonian Denderah; to sail past Edfu, with its grotesque and fantastic sculptures, and the most perfect sample of the Propylon, both in the ascent and on the return, without landing to see it. It was a mistake, also, not to notice the domestic scenes figured in the tombs of Beni Hasan, or the equally remarkable paintings of the grottoes of the Eilethya; to make Rhampses forty feet in length; and not to stop at the tomb of Thotmes III., the Pharaoh of the bondage. But Mr. Warburton says, with a rare candour:—

“By this time, we had been so be-templed and be-ruined, that we looked on a city of the Pharaohs with as much indifference as on a club-house in Pall Mall, and read the glowing eulogies of antiquaries as unmovedly as if they had been puffs of some ‘noble residence,’ by George Robins.”

We can comprehend this: enthusiasm for travel and novelty there might be; but any real sentiment of antiquity there could be none, or it would not have been so easily palled.

Further on it is remarked—

“However visionary the pursuit, and however faint the approximation to the truth, it is still pleasant to be humbugged by the priests with Herodotus; to go body-snatching in kingly tombs with brave Belzoni; or even to pick beetles, and read ‘handwriting on the walls’ with Rozellini, Champollion, and Sir Gardner Wilkinson;—pleasanter would any of these subjects be, than the dry discussion of common-place life in these common-place times. But the attempt to introduce such subjects into these slight pages would be as vain as to embroider muslin with Cleopatra’s needle. A glimpse at men and things of our own times is all that I can hope to offer; and if it be not vivid and comprehensive, it shall be at least faithful as far as in me lies.”

The *animus* is still more strongly developed, when the author enumerates all the scenes consecrated by the power and poetry of ancient times which he has witnessed. The Hill of Tara, the highland glens, the battle field of Hastings, the plain of Tours, the oak tree of Guernica, the Valhalla of the Teuton, the capital of Imperial Rome, the acropolis of republican Athens, and last, not least, Thebes. We can understand the feeling awakened by presence on the field where our Norman robber ancestors helped to triumph over the freedom which they afterwards restored with interest to the Saxon; but we cannot equally appreciate the poetry that Thebes would suggest where its mighty relics were not understood.

“Little,” says Mr. Warburton, after *two pages* devoted to ruins of antiquity that are unequalled in all the world’s wonders, “did the anxious embalmer of an imperial corpse think what pains he was bestowing to please Paddington or Cheapside; little did the expiring Pharaoh dream that Mr. Tomkins should be his resurrection angel!

“*One glimpse at Luxor, one gallop over the plain of Carnak, and away!*”

The *Lotus* steams the lower Nile; and it appears that a railroad is wanted in its upper portions for the researches of New England.

The promised glimpses at men and things bring out fruit:—

“So it is, however, as any traveller will bear witness: England is expected, in the East, where, hitherto, she has never planted a standard (every one understands by the

East, those countries which *he* may happen to visit in Asia, or even Africa), except in defence of the crescent, and the integrity of its dominions. That she will ever come forward to vindicate the cross, where her best and bravest blood was shed in its defence six hundred years ago, is very problematical. However, 'gold wins its way where angels might despair,' and the interests of India may obtain what the sepulchre of Christ has been denied."

Reflection on this fact has often made us shudder to think that the day of retribution may arrive. To sacrifice the prostrate Christianity of Syria and Palestine for the sake of upholding the crumbling and ruinous power of the Ottomans, for what can never be but a *temporary* political advantage, is a policy as short-sighted as it will be ultimately destructive. In Palestine, the Egyptians gave us permission to build a church at Jerusalem; we drove them out, to make way for a more barbarous rule, by whose orders the building of the church was immediately stopped, and has never been proceeded with.

"Had it been a factory," says Mr. Warburton, "that was interfered with, or a commercial right that was invaded, England's sword would long since have severed the Gordian knots into which the Ottoman policy is ever weaving its contemptible cobwebs."

We doubt it—witness Bokhara. Of Lady Hester Stanhope's death, Mr. Warburton relates:—

"Mr. Moore, our consul at Beyrout, hearing she was ill, rode over the mountains, accompanied by Mr. Thompson, the American missionary, to visit her. It was evening when they arrived, and a profound silence was over all the palace; no one met them; they lighted their own lamps in the outer court, and passed, unquestioned, through court and gallery, until they came to where *she* lay. A corpse was the only inhabitant of the palace; and the isolation from her kind, which she had sought so long, was indeed complete. That morning, thirty-seven servants had watched every motion of her eye; but its spell once darkened by death, every one fled with such plunder as they could secure. A little girl, whom she adopted and maintained for years, took her watch and some papers, on which she set peculiar value. Neither the child nor the property were ever seen again. Not a single thing was left in the room where she lay dead, except the ornaments upon her person; no one had ventured to touch these; and even in death she seemed able to protect herself. At midnight, her countryman and the missionary carried her out by torchlight to a spot in the garden that had been formerly her favourite resort, and there they buried her."

Such was the end of that extraordinary person, who annihilated a village for disobedience, and burned a mountain chalet, with all its inhabitants, on account of the murder of two French travellers, who had been under the protection of her firman; whom the sultan addressed as "Cousin;" and whose weaknesses, only exceeded by his own vanity, it remained for Lamartine to ridicule.

Speaking of travellers' vanities, it appears that Mr. Stephens, the American traveller, carved his name at Philæ, on the slab that bore the inscription written there by Dessaix, in 1799, to commemorate his arrival with a French army, in pursuit of the Mameluks. Now, after Mr. Stephens, came a French traveller, who thought it bad taste, even in an American, to obtrude himself into the company of the French general—the rather, perhaps, as there were some acres of spare wall equally available for the purpose. He, therefore, carefully eradicated the name of Stephens, and appended, moreover, the following sarcastic remark: "*La page d'histoire ne doit pas être salie!*"

At Beirut, Mr. Warburton found a British officer of distinguished birth and gallantry, who has married a Maronite lady of great beauty, and settled in the country. Is this Colonel N——r? If so, his pleasant sketches have terminated in real romance. On being introduced to the bride—"I no longer wondered," Mr. Warburton says, "that he had abandoned his career—fame, fortune, everything, in such a cause."

While in Syria and Palestine, Mr. Warburton visited most of the places of note; and he gives favourable accounts of the progress of the protestant episcopacy at Jerusalem, and of the Syrian Medical-Aid establishment. He afterwards returned by Constantinople, Greece, and the Ionian islands.

The novelty of personal experiences has always a charm about it, however beaten may be the track through which it leads us; and in the present case, there is a fine poetical imagination, tempered by a well-trained intelligence, that frequently elicits beauties, where others would have passed them by. Thought, feeling, and passion, manifest themselves in every page; and the East is still, and will be yet for a long time, an admirable vent for the steam of restless genius.

ANTICIPATIONS OF 1860.—PLEASURES PENAL.

BY R. B. PEAKE.

PHILOSOPHY and utilitarianism having gradually brought the minds of men to the point that the choice pleasures and amusements of our artificial society are to be made punishments for crimes and misdemeanours,—laws, in several sessions of parliament, were enacted to that effect, accordingly.

Scotland being our birthplace, and having in the education of our early youth acquired the northern gift of "second sight," we are enabled to report faithfully several of the first convictions under the new act.

CENTRAL CRIMINAL COURT, FARRINGDON STREET,

February, 1860.

Saul Fejee, a New Zealand flax-merchant, who had hitherto borne a high character for integrity, of a simple and unsophisticated manner, educated entirely by the missionaries, was indicted for stealing a Bible, to which he pleaded "Not Guilty;" but admitted he had taken it out of a pawnbroker's window, in Tottenham-court-road. He stated that he had, in a fit of passion, (because he could not devour the cabin-boy, with whom he had quarrelled,) thrown his own Bible overboard in the passage to England, and that he now wanted another.

From observing so many of the volumes in the pawnbroker's shop, he concluded it to be an emporium of the society, and smashing the window with the thigh-bone of his grandmother, (which he always carried about with him, as an especial mark of dutiful affection,) he

abducted the Bible, and was making off with it, when he was pursued and given in custody.

The recorder in summing up, regarded the offence of the prisoner as one of a very grave nature; and he should, therefore, inflict the heaviest punishment the new law permitted.

Saul Fejee, the New Zealander, was sentenced—" *To attend a soirée at — House, to which two hundred and fifty fashionables were invited, and to stay all the time it lasted.*"

This dreadful sentence was summarily carried into effect.

Now, the state of misery the prisoner endured was almost beyond description; accustomed all his life to the clear and open air, and to perfect freedom in his limbs, he was compelled to attire himself at his own expense, in a very elegant and tight-fitting suit of clothes, white kid gloves, white cravat, and boots of polished leather with pointed toes. (The prescribed dress under the sentence.) His hair was also disarranged from the New Zealand fashion, and curled and combed by a Parisian artist. He was at eleven o'clock in the evening conveyed in a close carriage in custody of the officers, and delivered over to his destiny. This was the more perplexing to Saul Fejee, as it was considerably past the period that he was accustomed to lie flat on his back, and fall into profound slumber for the night. The guests now began to arrive, most of them using eye-glasses, the ladies bearing bouquets, and wearing perfumes, the scent of which was overpowering to the unsophisticated child of nature, who was unaccustomed to any aromatic stronger than an oyster or a muscle in a state of decomposition, unless it was in the gradual baking and drying of the stuffed head of his enemy.

The ottomans were now occupied; scandal, satin, and silk disseminated in every direction; the gentlemen flattered and fanned the ladies; satirical whispering and giggling prevailed. Music, uncouth to the ears of the interesting foreigner, was heard, and produced the same effect that certain harmonious bars have on the nerves of a hound, only that the New Zealander, though he was anxious to howl and yell, dared not in such company. His irritability was augmented by the distinguished male and female visitors forming themselves into quadrilles, in which both sexes, without the slightest animation, walked or half-slid through precisely the same silly figures for many hours. Saul Fejee thought of the war-dance of his own beloved nation; and the movement he was now sentenced to endure suffered greatly by comparison, because the ladies and gentlemen did not commence singing in a low tone, and gradually becoming more and more agitated in their movements, until their whole appearance was excitingly frightful and hideous. They, poor, spiritless dancers, did not bend their bodies backwards, roll their heads, thrust out their tongues, foam at the mouth, and stamp their feet, while their eyes seemed ready to start from their sockets. No; it was the one uniform, tame approach, retiring, and walking round each other, without a smile on the countenance, from twelve o'clock until five. And this was the intellectual amusement of a portion of the most enlightened nation in the world, which cannot even boast of its own national dance, unless the ancient morrice-dance can be so called—and that is never practised in polite society. The rout cakes, the orgat, the lemonade, and other refresh-

ments, were not refreshing to the New Zealander, (but this was the prescribed diet,) while he was panting for a good lump of shark's flesh, a baked puppy, with yams *ad libitum*; and some ice he put into his mouth, set his teeth all aching to that degree, that he rather inelegantly popped it out again. Saul Fejee inwardly vowed that he would never more venture to taste ice-cream, *unless the chill was taken off*.

Saul Fejee then had to listen to the amateur warbling of several young ladies and gentlemen, in which worn-out Italian airs were emitted at second-hand. With such vocalists, even Donizetti could not be made endurable, and he has copied every Italian composer for the last thirty years; in fact, they have all stolen from each other, their bars being invariably cast in the same mould.

At a quarter before six in the morning, his term of imprisonment was over; and as Saul Fejee was discharged into the open air, he fully expressed his fixed determination never again to commit an offence that should expose him to so dreadful a punishment.

The next case that came under the operation of the NEW PLEASURES PENAL ACT, was that of Augustus Tiplady, a native of London, and by profession a foreman and cutter-out in a fashionable ladies' riding-habit establishment, at the West-end.

It appeared on respectable evidence, that the said Augustus Tiplady had attended an evening lecture, in the building that was formerly called Drury Lane Theatre, but now used as an occasional chapel, and rabbit-market of ease to Hungerford. The lecture was upon the oft-repeated theme of temperance, and it might be that the discourse was too dry; but it so happened, that Mr. Tiplady found his way to that ancient refectory of dissipation—the "Coal-Hole," in the Strand, (well known long before the time of Garrick.)

At this house Mr. Augustus Tiplady partook of several glasses of pale brandy, now within the reach of anybody, since all the duties imposed by the "Metheun Act" are for ever rescinded; and this stimulant was too much for his *habit*, and caused him to *ride* restive. For when the police came at a quarter before nine in the evening, to see that all persons had gone home soberly to bed, (which practice had been gradually increasing,) Mr. Tiplady refused to quit the "Coal-Hole."

Tailors (consequently, habit-makers) are well-known to be a most pugnacious race; and as he had taken liquor enough to enable him to uphold the independence of a true Briton, he insisted that he would not stir but on his own free will and consent. As this extra *measure* would have involved the landlord in a penalty, he was compelled to interfere, and an attack was made on Mr. Augustus Tiplady on all sides. He succeeded in wresting the staff of B, No. 109, out of his hand, and thrusting it into his mouth, by which he dislodged several of the policeman's teeth. The aggressor was now overpowered by numbers, and conveyed, fighting and struggling manfully, to the station-house; from whence he was taken before the Bow-street magistrates, who ordered the prisoner to find heavy bail for the violent assault. The affair could not in any way be compromised; and Mr. Augustus Tiplady was tried at the sessions, and found guilty of the outrage. His profession being taken into consideration, a severe sentence was awarded UNDER THE NEW ACT—

"That the prisoner be sent down to Melton Mowbray, in custody, and there to be mounted on a first-rate hunter, and compelled to go out with the hounds."

This must be allowed to be a heavy punishment to a person whose knowledge of a horse did not extend beyond a "*clothes-horse*;" however, it was the law of the land, and the sentence was put into effect, with the additional severity of attiring the person of the unfortunate Tiplady in a scarlet coat, white cord breeches, topped boots and spurs, when he was ordered to mount a hack, to ride fifteen miles to cover.

"To cover what?" innocently inquired the offender. And well might he make the inquiry; for as an entirely unpractised rider, he found that trotting fifteen miles "to cover," was to flay him alive.

Augustus Tiplady arrived late in the field; and in pursuance of his sentence, he was immediately ordered into the saddle of a tall grey mare, with erect head and expanded nostrils—and this animal was denominated by the officiating groom, a first-rate *timber-jumper*.

"Now, sir, give *him his* head. If you should come down together, and the mare rolls over you—which is very likely, she may squeeze you all awry; in that case, the best thing is to lie still, and let her roll back again, which will set you all straight."

Mr. Tiplady did not feel much encouraged by this excellent piece of advice; but he determined to the best of his ability to acquire *riding habits*.

The Meltonians, under the direction of the master of the Quorn hounds, threw off at Bibury, with a brilliant burst up to Tilton—a regular death pace; there the fox was headed, then he led them a dance over the brook, passed Galby and Norton, and swept on to Stretton Hall. Here there was a check for two minutes, which gave an opportunity to look for the damages.

Every attempt that Mr. Tiplady made to restrain the grey mare, proved that "she was the better horse." When he tried with all *his* might and *her* mane, to rein her in, she threw up her head, and gave him such a knock on his brow, that his eyes and their pupils danced, and he bit his tongue through. The dread of instant death caused Tiplady to cling on with all his knees. A gallant hunter and rider were down with such force, that the horse's head was stuck fast in a ploughed field—quite safe: the grey mare was going it too rapidly to alter her course, so she flew over the prostrate ones. Oh! what did Augustus Tiplady feel, as he was flung up out of the saddle; but holding fast by the bridle, he again fell into it. On went the fox—the pack—and the Meltonians, for Wigton and Ayleston, and stretched away, like the devil, for Enderby Gorse. The grey mare followed at a slapping pace, skimming ridge and furrow, topping every flight of rails, came well into the next field, charged the ox-fences, and the bull-finches, and swished at the raspers in fine style.

How he ever kept his seat, which he had already worn out in going to cover, Mr. Tiplady could not divine; but he was in a dreadful excitement of terror and torture. He dared not cry "Yoicks!" though the other hunters bawled heartily. The whole pack seemed to be joining in one death-howl for the habit-maker. A double-fence now presented itself—the game grey mare took it, cleared the first, but Tiplady was not prepared for the second; so Tiplady tipped over, and came down with

a crash that demolished him "body and smalls." The mare went off triumphantly after the hounds, seemingly delighted that her back was no longer a shop-board.

Here was apparent the severity of the new law; it was too great an infliction of punishment for assault and battery, for the prisoner was so battered that he was picked up and conveyed on a hurdle, thirty miles, to the nearest infirmary.

Mr. Tiplady declined offending the laws of his country again; and though he never afterwards ventured on horseback, it was a considerable time before he could "*cut his riding-habits*."

The third trial under the new mode of administering justice, was in the case of "*the Queen versus Brimblecombe*." Francis Benjamin Brimblecombe was indicted for having unlawfully in his possession a surreptitious French edition of Dr. Kitchiner's *Cook's Oracle*, printed in Paris, thereby offending the law relating to copyright. The prisoner, in his defence, avowed that he was a gourmand by nature, and he was not aware that this *digest* of the worthy doctor was an unlawful importation. After an able charge from the bench, in which his lordship proved himself a consummate judge of good eating, the gentlemen of the jury retired to consider their verdict, when, being one and all excessively hungry, they unanimously returned the prisoner—"Guilty."

His lordship, with considerable emotion, passed sentence on Francis Benjamin Brimblecombe, "*that he was to be forthwith conveyed in custody to Searle's, at Lambeth, and there to be placed in an eight-oared cutter, that was matched for a large sum to row against a rival eight-oared boat, to Putney. That if the said Francis Benjamin Brimblecombe should be one in the losing boat, he was to be amerced for his eighth-part share of the wager.*"

This hard sentence astounded Mr. Brimblecombe; for having, for some years prior, been employed in making a variety of ingenious experiments on good eating, particularly from Dr. Hunter's "*Culina*," he had grown rather corpulent and short of wind. However, he was speedily ordered to strip, and be accoutred in a rowing waistcoat and drawers, dispense with his braces, had his rowlock greased, and his foot-board adjusted to his short fat legs.

His situation was not rendered more agreeable by the remarks made on his person by the crew with whom he was to pull; for the rival cutters (not being able to disobey the act of parliament) tossed up who should *not* have him.

The winners of Brimblecombe now heartily wished that they could have tossed him over Westminster-bridge. However, in justice, the other boat was to carry 800 lbs. of piglead, to balance the over-weight of the prisoner.

The crew of the cutter in which Mr. Brimblecombe was condemned to row, now mounted their colours, and looked very *blue*.

The cutters were ordered to take their stations parallel to each other, in the middle of the river. In effecting this, poor Brimblecombe, from the mismanagement of his oar, received a violent blow in his stomach with it, and, as a matter of course, another heavy thump on his back from the gentleman who pulled behind him, occasioned by

the prisoner not bending to his fate. The two oars appeared to be playing the parts of butter-pats with him.

Mr. Brimblecombe now confidentially told his next neighbour on the bench, that he thought his wind would not hold out. "This is not a sailing-match," replied his mate; "we don't care for the wind." The gun was fired, and off they went; but as Brimblecombe was not in exact time with his oar, the adversary got the lead, to the great mortification of the blues.

Rowing is a fine manly exercise; but we confess, that while there is fourpennyworth of iron steam-boat on the river, we prefer their paddles to the personal use of the labouring oar. This was also Brimblecombe's creed. Two heads, they say, are better than one; and when Mr. Brimblecombe noticed a wherry propelled by an amateur waterman, he thought, that although made of wood, the pair of sculls more intellectual than the single scull o'erlooking them.

On, on, the crews of the cutters pulled; poor Brimblecombe groaned; and well it might be called a "heat." At the "Swan," at Battersea Bridge, the prisoner pathetically hinted at stopping, and having a pot of porter each. They turned a deaf ear to him, or, oh! what a *pull* he would have had at *that*! He had now no resource to keep himself from being sorely bruised, but to pull in time with the others. He was in the situation of the sufferer by that refinement of cruelty in the Dutch punishments, of being placed in a tank in which water is continually flowing, and the criminal is compelled to pump incessantly to save himself from being drowned. At length, after enduring extreme thirst, excess of perspiration, and palpitations of the heart, poor Brimblecombe, with his crew, arrived at the "Eight Bells," at Putney, just a boat's length too late; and what with the fatigue, and his pecuniary loss, he quite made up the little mind he had left, that, whatever might have been his offence against the new laws, that had it been fifty times more atrocious, *he had met with his match*. Talk not of the galleys after this.

The next case was that of John Snoole, by profession an author. John Snoole was indicted for a libel; the aforesaid John Snoole having caused to be inserted in a certain publication—"That the Marquis of ——— had entirely altered his habits of life; that the noble marquis retired to bed before ten o'clock at night; had attached himself to toast-and-water; had taken the pledge from Father Matthew; had broken up his racing stud; had been seen at church on three successive Sundays; had erected, at his own expense, twelve alms-houses; had superintended the duties of a Sabbath-school, personally, &c." There were several other counts in the indictment, alluding to the fact, that the noble marquis had been a "great count" in his day.

The prisoner Snoole was placed at the bar; and evidently was a person of very sensitive nerves, for he had cut himself in shaving, and his hands shook. He did not look any one in the face; and answered the questions put to him in a low and tremulous tone. After a lengthened investigation, in which the learned counsel of the noble plaintiff completely disproved every iota of the above scandalous libel, and, indeed, moreover, produced a mass of satisfactory evidence, by which exactly the reverse conduct had been uniformly maintained by the

noble marquis on all occasions, the judge summed up, and the jury, without retiring, found John Snoole guilty of the libel.

The learned judge, in the most impressive manner, proceeded to pass sentence on the prisoner under the NEW LAW.

"That the said John Snoole be delivered into the custody of Lord —, the Hon. T. —, Captain —, and four other friends of the noble marquis, who were all engaged to sup, after the close of the theatres, at L—'s Hotel; that the prisoner was to remain in the hands of these convivial gentlemen, until the party broke up, and he was then to be driven home in the cab of the most intoxicated of the company."

This dreadful sentence was put into immediate effect.

At half-past twelve, the prisoner was helped into the cabriolet of Captain —, drawn by a horse, who, by his head-gear and cloth, was evidently out for the night; this was corroborated by the pale, drowsy, and dissipated look of the tiger in attendance. The cabriolets of the other noblemen and gentlemen were all guided in one direction, and dashed helter-skelter, endeavouring to pass each other, from Covent Garden to the neighbourhood of Bond Street.

A few minutes carried the high-spirited and patrician party, with the unfortunate prisoner, to the hotel. As they ascended the staircase to the rooms, occupied by the Hon. T. —, the waiters looked ominously at each other, for they saw a well-known reckless set of choice spirits.

"Three bottles of brandy, and a dozen of soda-water," was the first order.

"Be seated, sir," said Lord —, to the prisoner, "and we will do our best to keep up your spirits, under your unhappy sentence. You, perhaps, would like some champagne. Bring some champagne."

It was in vain that Snoole tried to excuse himself, and say that champagne always disagreed with him.

"Disagree with you!" remarked the marquis. "When anybody disagrees with me, I always knock him down."

And the athletic peer, at that moment, sent his clenched fist through the air, with the force of a cannon-ball, close to the nose of Mr. Snoole, who made up his mind not to utter another word against champagne.

The waiters entered with the brandy—the tumblers were more than half filled; and the corks of the soda-water bottles were popping in all directions. Presently, Snoole's frill was demolished, saturated; a discharge of cork and aerated fluid found its way into the pocket of his trousers. Snoole was under sentence, and dared not complain. Oh, the doses of champagne poor Snoole was forced rapidly to swallow; then he was compelled to eat deviled kidneys, lobster, broiled fowl, and mushrooms; cucumbers, pickled oysters, anchovy toasts, Burton ale, and bottled porter, Welsh rabbits, onions, any one of the enumerated articles capable of disordering the digestive powers of the author's irritable stomach. To this succeeded brandy, bishop, punch, burnt claret, cigars, practical jokes, in which Snoole was uninitiated, and which ended invariably in his discomfiture; songs (select) were roared in his ear, to which he was requested to join chorus, the period for the commencement of which was a slap on the prisoner's back with the

bony hand of the athletic noble marquis that almost annihilated the vertebrae of poor nervous Snoole, who sat wincing with horror for the precise moment of the expected blow.

The Hon. T. — now betted Captain — that their visitor, the prisoner, could not stand on his head on the table without breaking any of the wine-glasses. The captain took the bet, and swore that Snoole could perform such a feat with great dexterity and credit to himself. It was in vain that the author expostulated, and declared that his abilities did not lie that way. Up he was lifted by these mad-headed convivialists, and placed with his head on the table, there Snoole was duly poised and balanced, and then, by signal, was left to his fate; the consequence of which was a tumble over backwards, in which the prisoner's heels kicked and smashed the chandelier all to pieces, and then he fell heavily on the floor. Then the jovial party began to throw their drinking vessels and decanters at the mirrors and looking-glasses that were ranged on the walls, and all for the good of the house, as the damage was to be charged to the Hon. T. —'s bill; and as that young gentleman was already considerably more in debt than he could ever hope to pay, it was a matter of no consequence whatever.

The cabriolets were now ordered; and the pale and sleepy tigers aroused, and went to the horses' heads, while the revellers got into their carriages in the best manner they were able. The prisoner Snoole was replaced in Captain —'s vehicle, when the respective high-born drivers manœuvred to see which could take the lead in a race towards their homes.

It was at the grey hour of morn, when London is silent, and its gaslights glimmering, and its many thousands of inhabitants were reclining in slumber in every variety of attitude, that the jovial party commenced their charioteering competition, in imitation of the ancients, and regardless of the remonstrances of the police. The Hon. T. — bawled to the marquis, that if he attempted to pass him on the wrong side he would smash him. And his was a new cabriolet, of a strong build, though it was not paid for.

Away they dashed through Bond Street, and trotted, cantered, and galloped round Berkeley Square, cutting at each other's horses and tigers. Snoole got a most malicious lash across the forehead.

Captain — now politely asked the prisoner where he would like to be *set down*.

Mr. Snoole told the captain, wherever it would best suit the captain's convenience; as he himself was not at all particular.

The captain now unfortunately took it into his head to put his horse on his mettle, and endeavour to pass the cabriolet of the Hon. T. —. He was quickly observed by the dashing and inebriated sprig of fashion, who jerked his rein suddenly, and brought the two vehicles into collision with a crash, that, though Snoole had stated that he was not at all particular, he found himself *set down* on the pavement by the side of a post in the most unceremonious manner.

Off again went the cabriolets, jostling, and their drivers all trying to upset each other, until Snoole lost sight of them. With his head aching, and every bone in his body tortured by the severe punishment

he had undergone, the poor author determined never again to write in praise of the sporting aristocracy.

Hugh Dobbles, Esq., of Dobbles Hall, a country gentleman of retired primitive manners, and who had rarely quitted his native county, was indicted, and found guilty of manslaughter, under mitigating circumstances, in having shot Darby Irons, while in the act of breaking into the plate-room of Dobbles Hall.

The learned judge sentenced Hugh Dobbles *to be sent over to the neighbouring borough, to stand a contested election there, and to be returned member of parliament.*

This was the heaviest punishment that could be inflicted on Mr. Dobbles, and filled him with the most painful sensations, as he was aware that he stuttered very much, which would prove an impediment not only to his maiden, but any other speech he might attempt to make. Beyond this, he had seldom or ever meddled with politics, or left his home—a mansion of red brick, with large casemented bow-windows, a porch, with seats in it, the eaves of the house well inhabited by swallows, and the forecourt set round with hollyhocks. A journey to London was reckoned by Hugh Dobbles, Esq. as great an undertaking as other people would consider a voyage to the East Indies; and now he had to make reparation to the offended laws of his country—to undergo all the horrors of canvassing voters, addressing riotous mobs—to be pelted with *polcats*, and rotten eggs—to be abused, hooted at—and ultimately to be returned a member of the British House of Commons—a place he never even had visited during his lifetime—where he was compelled to listen to long wearisome speeches, and give himself up to late hours and bad company. Mr. Dobbles almost thought it would be the wisest course to petition for a commutation, and pray that he might be hanged; but he was told that the indulgence would be refused, as no one, in these days, can be hanged, unless, indeed, he has very powerful interest.

We could, had we space, enumerate a great many more cases, and the summary sentences on them, according to the offences committed. Such as condemning a Wesleyan methodist preacher to superintend the getting-up of the ballets at the opera; to ordering gay, pleasure-seeking young fellows to attend a series of morning lectures, on that most dry of all subjects, “Political Economy;” to sentencing two fat old female offenders to a Barclay pedestrian match; or of committing a rheumatic prisoner, suffering under hopochondria, to a pic-nic party on one of the muddy islets of the Thames.

But what are the pleasures of the *philosophers* in this state of society? Little pleasure trips to Botany Bay by high-pressure steam.

In lieu of barouches, landaulets, Broughams, or other carriages for exercise, three hours daily on the treadmill.

Demagogues and members of spouting clubs, for wholesale relaxation, surrender themselves to solitary confinement.

Previous to boys and girls running away together, and making imprudent matches, or old widows marrying young fellows in the Life-Guards, two months sojourn in the Millbank *penitentiary*—certainly better before than after.

Saint James's:
OR
THE COURT OF QUEEN ANNE.

BY THE EDITOR.

BOOK THE THIRD.

CHAPTER THE SIXTEENTH.

SHEWING HOW THE GREATEST GENERAL OF HIS AGE WAS DRIVEN FROM
HIS COUNTRY.

THE removal of the Duchess of Marlborough being effected, the Tories next directed their machinations against the duke. Assailed with the grossest and most unjustifiable abuse; lampooned and libelled by petty scribblers; attacked in the most rancorous manner by Swift, Prior, and Saint-John; accused of fraud, avarice, extortion—of arrogance, cruelty, and ungovernable ambition—a sensible decline was effected in his popularity.

During his absence from England, in 1711, these attacks were continued with unabating virulence—his successes were decried—his services depreciated—his moral character calumniated—his military skill questioned—even his courage was disputed. Preparation was thus made for the final blow intended to be levelled against him on his return. Though despising these infamous attacks, Marlborough could not be insensible of the strong prejudice they created against him, and he complained to Oxford, who thus characteristically endeavoured to vindicate himself from any share in the libels. “I do assure your grace,” he wrote, “that I abhor the practice, as mean and disingenuous. I have made it so familiar to myself, by some years’ experience, that as I know I am every week, if not every day, in some libel or other, so I would willingly compound that all the ill-natured scribblers should have licence to write ten times more against me, upon condition they would write against nobody else.” Oxford was the more anxious to excuse himself, because, at this particular juncture, he wished to effect a coalition with Marlborough.

A charge was subsequently brought against the duke, which more deeply affected him. He was accused of receiving a large per centage from Sir Solomon Medina, the contractor for supplying the army with bread; and though he immediately exculpated himself by a letter, declaring that what he had received was “no more than what had been allowed as a perquisite to the general as commander-in-chief of the army in the Low Countries, even

before the revolution and since," yet still the charge was persisted in, and inquiries directed to be instituted.

By these means, the public mind was prepared for Marlborough's downfall. On his return, at the latter end of the year, he experienced insults and indignities from the populace whose idol he had formerly been, while by the queen and her court he was treated with coldness and neglect.

On the opening of Parliament, in the debate upon the address, the Earl of Anglesey remarked, that "the country might have enjoyed the blessing of peace soon after the Battle of Ramillies, if it had not been put off by some persons whose interest it was to prolong the war."

To this unjust aspersion, the Duke of Marlborough made a dignified and touching reply, which, as the queen herself was present, though merely in the character of a private individual, had the greater weight.

"I can declare, with a good conscience," he said, "in the presence of her majesty, of this illustrious assembly, and of God himself, who is infinitely superior to all the powers of earth, and before whom, in the ordinary course of nature, I shall soon appear, to render an account of my actions, that I was very desirous of a safe, lasting, and honourable peace, and was always very far from prolonging the war for my own private advantage, as several libels and slanders have most falsely insinuated. My great age, and my numerous fatigues in war, make me ardently wish for the power to enjoy a quiet repose, in order to think of eternity. As to other matters, I had not the least inducement, on any account, to desire the continuance of war for my own particular interest, since my services have been so generously rewarded by her majesty and her parliament."

The amendment on the address moved by Lord Nottingham, and supported by Marlborough, being carried in the House of Lords, occasioned great alarm to the Tories, and rumours began to be raised that a new ministry was to be formed, of which Lord Somers was to be the head, and Walpole secretary of state. Mrs. Masham owned that the queen's sentiments were changed. Saint-John appeared disconcerted, and even Oxford could scarcely conceal his apprehensions. The Tory party was disunited, and the knowledge of this circumstance gave additional encouragement to the Whigs. Fresh advances were secretly made by the treasurer to the duke, but they were repelled like the first.

Finding that his salvation depended upon the most vigorous measures, Oxford bestirred himself zealously, and by his artful representations frightened the queen from recalling the Whigs. He convinced her, that if they returned to office, she must necessarily reinstate the Duchess of Marlborough, and submit to the domination of a tyrannical woman whose temper had been aggravated by the treatment she had experienced. The latter argument prevailed.

The storm weathered, Marlborough's immediate disgrace was resolved upon. The commissioners of public accounts were ordered to examine the depositions of the bread-contractor Medina, and to lay their report before the house. In answer to these accusations, the duke published the letter, to which allusion has been previously made, and which afforded a complete answer to the charge. Notwithstanding this, and without waiting the result of the investigation, the queen, at the instance of Oxford, dismissed him from all his employments.

Thus, unheard and unconsidered, was the greatest general England had then ever possessed, dishonoured and degraded. His disgrace occasioned the liveliest satisfaction throughout France; and on hearing it, Louis the Fourteenth exclaimed, in a transport of joy, "The dismissal of Marlborough will do all we can desire!" His minister, De Torcy, declared—"What we lose in Flanders we shall gain in England;" and Frederick the Great of Prussia broke out indignantly, thus: "What! could not Blenheim, Ramilies, Oudenarde, nor Malplaquet, defend the name of that great man? nor even Victory itself shield him against envy and detraction? What part would England have acted without that true hero? He supported and raised her, and would have exalted her to the pinnacle of greatness, but for those wretched female intrigues, of which France took advantage to occasion his disgrace. Louis the Fourteenth was lost, if Marlborough had retained his power two years more."

Such were the sentiments entertained by the different potentates of Europe. It is grievous, indeed, to think that so great a man should have been destroyed by faction. It is still more grievous, to think that some of the obloquy which the bitter and unprincipled writers of his own time endeavoured to fasten to his name, should still cling to it.

In the latter part of the same year, the duke voluntarily exiled himself from an ungrateful country. He embarked from Dover on the 28th November, and sailed to Ostend, where he was received with every demonstration of honour and respect. Proceeding to Aix-la-Chapelle, he afterwards retired to Maestricht, to await the duchess, who was not able to join him till the middle of February.

Marlborough never saw his royal mistress again. Apprised of her dangerous illness, at Ostend, he reached England the day of her decease. As he approached the capital, along the Dover road, he was met by Sir Charles Cox, at the head of two hundred mounted gentlemen, and on the way the cavalcade was increased by a long train of carriages. On entering the city, a company of volunteer grenadiers joined them, and firing a salute, headed the procession, raising a cry which found a thousand responses—"Long live King George! Long live the Duke of Marlborough!"

CHAPTER THE SEVENTEENTH.

QUEEN ANNE'S LAST EXERCISE OF POWER.

THE rivalry between Oxford and Saint-John ended in producing a decided rupture in the cabinet. While the treasurer endeavoured to sacrifice his colleague, by artfully misrepresenting his conduct to the queen, the secretary was enabled to counteract his designs through the influence of Lady Masham, whose husband had been raised to the peerage with nine others, to strengthen the government, immediately after the dismissal of the Duke of Marlborough.

Saint-John's successful negotiation of the peace of Utrecht rendering it impossible to withhold from him the distinction, he was created Viscount Bolingbroke, though he himself expected an earldom; but he was refused the Garter, on which he had set his heart, while Oxford took care to decorate himself with the order. Bolingbroke never forgave the slight, and from that moment utterly renounced his friend, and bent his whole faculties upon accomplishing his overthrow. He found a ready coadjutor in Lady Masham, who was equally indignant with the treasurer for having opposed the grant of a pension and other emoluments which the queen was anxious to bestow upon her. Thus aided, Bolingbroke soon gained a complete ascendancy over his rival, and felt confidently assured of supplanting him in his post as soon as Anne's irresolution would allow her to dismiss him.

Oxford's fall, however, was long protracted, nor was it until his secret overtures to the Elector of Hanover, after the death of the Princess Sophia, had been made known to the queen; and that the court of Saint Germain had exposed his duplicity, and urged the necessity of his removal, that she consented to the measure. The Jacobite party, of whom Bolingbroke was the leader, had become paramount in importance during the latter part of Anne's reign; and as her dislike of the Hanoverian succession, and her predilection for her brother, the Chevalier de Saint-George, were well-known, the most sanguine anticipations were entertained, that on her death the hereditary line of monarchy would be restored. That the period was fast approaching when the question of succession to the throne would be solved, the rapidly declining state of the queen's health boded, and little doubt existed in the minds of those who considered the temper and bias of the public mind, and were aware of the preponderating influence of the Hanoverian party, as to the way in which it would be determined. Still, to an ambitious spirit, like that of Bolingbroke, the chance of aggrandizement offered by adherents to the fallen dynasty of the Stuarts, was sufficiently tempting to blind its possessor to every danger; and although aware of the terrible storm he should have to encounter, he

fancied if he could once obtain the helm, he could steer the vessel of state into the wished-for haven. The moment, at length, apparently came, when it was to be submitted to his guidance. On the evening of Tuesday, the 27th July, 1714, Oxford received a sudden and peremptory intimation from the queen to resign the staff into her hands without a moment's delay; upon which, though it was getting late, he immediately repaired to the palace.

Ushered into the queen's presence, he found Lady Masham and Bolingbroke with her, and their triumphant looks increased his ill-dissembled rage and mortification. Anne looked ill and suffering. She had only just recovered from a severe inflammatory fever, attended with gout and ague, and had still dangerous symptoms about her. Her figure was enlarged and loose, her brow lowering, her features swollen and cadaverous, and her eyes heavy and injected with blood. She scarcely made an effort to maintain her dignity, but had the air of a confirmed invalid. On the table near her, stood a draught prescribed for her by her physician, Sir Richard Blackmore, of which she occasionally sipped.

Moved neither by the evident indisposition of the queen, nor by any feelings of gratitude or respect, Oxford advanced quickly towards her, and eyeing his opponents with a look of defiance, said, in an insolent tone, and with a slight inclination of the head—"Your majesty has commanded me to bring the staff. I here deliver it to you."

And as he spoke he placed it with some violence on the table.

"My lord!" exclaimed Anne, "this rudeness!"

"Lord Oxford has thrown off the mask," said Bolingbroke.

"Your majesty sees him in his true colours."

"It shall not be my fault, Bolingbroke," replied Oxford, bitterly, "if her majesty—ay, and the whole nation—does not see *you* in your true colours—and they are black enough. And you too, madam," he added to Lady Masham, "the world shall know what arts you have used."

"If I have practised any arts, my Lord Oxford, they have been of your teaching," rejoined Lady Masham. "You forget the instructions you gave me respecting the Duchess of Marlborough."

"No, viper, I do not," cried Oxford, his rage becoming ungovernable. "I do *not* forget that I found you a bedchamber-woman; I do *not* forget that I used you as an instrument to gain the queen's favour—a mere instrument, nothing more; I do *not* forget that I made you what you are; nor will I rest till I have left you as low as I found you."

"My lord!—my lord!" cried Anne. "This attack is most unmanly. I pray you withdraw, if you cannot control yourself."

"Your pardon, if I venture to disobey you, madam," replied Oxford. "Having been sent for, I shall take leave to stay till I

have unmasked your treacherous favourites. So good an opportunity may not speedily occur, and I shall not lose it."

"But I do not wish to hear the exposure, my lord," said Anne.

"I pray your majesty, let him speak," interposed Bolingbroke, haughtily.

"Take care of your head, Bolingbroke," cried Oxford; "though her majesty may sanction your correspondence with the courts of Saint Germain, her parliament will not."

"Your majesty can now judge of his baseness and malignity," said Bolingbroke, with cold contempt, "knowing how he himself has duped your royal brother."

"I know it—I know it," replied Anne; "and I know how he has duped me too. But no more of this, if you love me, Bolingbroke."

"Oh! that your majesty would exert your spirit for one moment," said Lady Masham, "and drive him from your presence with the contempt he deserves."

"If your majesty will only authorize me, it shall be done," said Bolingbroke.

"Peace! peace! my lord, I implore of you," said Anne. "You all seem to disregard me."

"Your majesty perceives the esteem in which you are held by your *friends*!" said Oxford, sarcastically.

"You are all alike," cried the queen, faintly.

"What crime am I charged with?" demanded Oxford, addressing himself to the queen.

"I will tell you," replied Bolingbroke. "I charge you with double dealing, with chicanery, with treachery, with falsehood to the queen, to me, and to the whole cabinet. I charge you with holding out hopes on the one hand to the Elector of Hanover, and to Prince James on the other—I charge you with caballing with Marlborough—with appropriating the public moneys——"

"These charges must be substantiated—must be answered, my lord," interrupted Oxford, approaching him, and touching his sword.

"They *shall* be substantiated, my lord," replied Bolingbroke, haughtily and contemptuously.

"Bolingbroke, you are a villain—a dastardly villain," cried Oxford, losing all patience, and striking him in the face with his glove.

"Ha!" exclaimed Bolingbroke, transported with fury, and partly drawing his sword.

"My lords!" exclaimed the queen, rising with dignity, "I command you to forbear. This scene will kill me—oh!" And she sank back exhausted.

"Your pardon, gracious madam," cried Bolingbroke, running up to her, and falling on his knees. "I have indeed forgotten myself."

"Oh! my head! my head!" cried Anne, pressing her hand to her temples. "My senses are deserting me."

"You have much to answer for, Bolingbroke," whispered Lady Masham; "she will not survive this shock."

"It was not my fault, but his," replied Bolingbroke, pointing to Oxford, who stood sullenly aloof in the middle of the room.

"Let Sir Richard Blackmore and Doctor Mead be summoned instantly," gasped the queen; "and bid the Duke of Shrewsbury and the lord chancellor instantly attend me—they are in the palace. The post of treasurer must be filled without delay. Lose not a moment."

And Lady Masham ran out to give the necessary instructions to the usher.

"Shrewsbury and the chancellor—what can she want with them?" muttered Bolingbroke, with a look of dismay.

Oxford, who had heard the order, and instantly divined what it portended, softly approached him, and touched his arm.

"You have lost the stake you have been playing for," he said, with a look of triumphant malice. "I am now content."

Ere Bolingbroke could reply, Lady Masham returned with Sir Richard Blackmore, who chanced to be in the ante-room, and who instantly flew to the queen, over whose countenance a fearful change had come.

"Your majesty must be taken instantly to bed," said Blackmore.

"Not till I have seen the Dukes of Shrewsbury and Ormond," replied the queen, faintly. "Where are they?"

"I will go and bring them instantly," replied Blackmore; "not a moment is to be lost."

And as he was about to rush out of the room, Bolingbroke stopped him, and hastily asked, "Is there danger?"

"Imminent danger," replied Blackmore. "The case is desperate. The queen cannot survive three days."

And he hurried away.

"Then all is lost!" cried Bolingbroke, striking his forehead.

And looking up, he saw Harley watching him with a malignant smile.

Lady Masham was assiduous in her attentions to her royal mistress, but the latter became momentarily worse, and continued to inquire anxiously for the Duke of Shrewsbury.

"Has your majesty no commands for Lord Bolingbroke?" inquired Lady Masham.

"None whatever," replied the queen, firmly.

At this juncture, Sir Richard Blackmore returned with the Duke of Shrewsbury, the lord chancellor, and some other attendants.

"Ah! you are come, my lords," cried Anne, greatly relieved. "I feared you would be too late. Sir Richard will have told you

of my danger—nay, it is vain to hide it from me. I feel my end approaching. My lords, the office of treasurer is at this moment vacant, and if anything should happen to me the safety of the kingdom may be endangered. My lord of Shrewsbury, you are already lord chamberlain and lord lieutenant of Ireland; I have another post for you. Take this staff," she added, giving him the treasurer's wand, which lay upon the table, "and use it for the good of my people."

As the duke knelt to kiss her hand, he felt it grow cold in his touch. Anne had fainted, and was instantly removed by her attendants.

"So!" cried Oxford, "if the queen's fears are realized, Lady Masham's reign is over, while your fate, Bolingbroke, is sealed. You have to choose between exile and the block."

"If I fly, you must fly with me," cried Bolingbroke.

"No, I shall wait," replied Oxford, "I have nothing to fear."

"So end the hopes of these ambitious men!" observed the Duke of Shrewsbury to the chancellor; "the queen found they were not to be trusted. Her people's welfare influenced the last exercise of power of GOOD QUEEN ANNE."

END OF "SAINT JAMES'S."

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